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SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION
SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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ONE OF OUR BEST ASSETS

WHEN this community was invited to raise a fund, now nearly four years ago, wherewith to build a permanent home for the Young Men's Christian Association, so liberal a response followed, in spite of the San Francisco disaster and a cloud on the eastern financial horizon, that the entire country rang with acclamations. Of the \$325000 raised at that time, less than one per cent of the subscriptions were uncollectible, practically the entire sum going into the handsome building at Hope and Seventh streets. Now, after two years and a half of occupancy, the need of more room obtrudes, and President Letts and his board of directors are facing the problem of how best to meet this demand. Two additional stories are urgently required, and the people of Los Angeles must not hesitate in case they are asked to supply the necessary cash for that purpose.

For the work of the Y. M. C. A. in this city is of priceless value to the community. That hive of activity on Hope street is a world in itself, and so sane a little world, so well governed, so uplifting in its numerous endeavors, that the most skeptical, studying its many avenues for good, must be impressed favorably. Aside from the Christian principles it seeks to inculcate in young men, it is a factory for the making of good citizens, each one of whom it fosters is to be regarded as a valuable asset in considering the ethical riches of Los Angeles. It is not a home for mollycoddles, for milksops or "sissy" men. The moral and physical training received there does not conduce to namby-pambyism. Manly lads, clean-minded lads, muscular lads and men are its normal product, and the demand to partake of its benefits is so great that additional room is imperative.

Just now a campaign is in progress to place a total of five thousand members on the rolls of the association. This accomplished, and we have no manner of doubt it will be done in the speci-

fied time limit set, the next requisite is to provide the increased accommodations such an augmented membership entails. Let no doubters imagine for a moment the way will not be found. It is as certain as the sunshine. Nor should the Y. M. C. A. be compelled to curtail its sphere of usefulness because of a lack of floor space. If the membership were twice five thousand, means would be provided by this community to care for all. It is the sort of industry that must be given opportunity for unlimited expansion.

IS MR. CRANE A TROGLODYTE?

IT IS a curious quirk that should cause a man who has achieved great commercial and financial success, without the aid of a college education, to deride the countless advantages that a university course bestows, sneer at college professors who, on small salaries, teach young men how to fill high-priced positions, and in other ways to betray his contempt for the higher education that colleges and technical schools afford. Mr. R. T. Crane is not unknown in Los Angeles. He has been a member of the winter colony at Pasadena, on and off, for many years, and he maintains a branch establishment of his Chicago house in this city. His oldest son, recently outrageously victimized by Secretary Knox, and wofully deserted by President Taft, after he had named him for the Chinese mission, is an accomplished university man. But Mr. Crane, pere, has no use for colleges; they have been the subject of his irony for years, and many philippics has he launched against them for more than a decade past. Lately, he has put his tirades into book form, in which he has heaped Ossa upon Pelion in the effort to embarrass colleges and belittle their work. Naturally, this has aroused the ire of the professorial ranks, and Mr. Crane and his views are being mercilessly bombarded.

In a recent issue of the Chicago Record-Herald several columns are devoted to the comments of members of the faculties of the universities of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Armour Institute and Lewis Institute—the two latter technical schools—on Mr. Crane's book, and the symposium so presented makes tart reading. Among other of his bitternesses, in reply to a letter asking the Chicago millionaire to contribute toward the permanent fund of the Illinois University, he uttered the sentiment that "it would be a fine thing for the state if the university was burned down and its campus ploughed over in furrows and sowed with seed." Dr. James referred to this in his caustic comment on Mr. Crane's book, adding:

The most effective answer to Mr. Crane is the desire of the fathers and mothers of the state to send their boys here in increasing numbers. College men are more and more in demand for employment. No good senior student here but has offers of employment before he is graduated. Let Mr. Crane go on. The more he stirs up the water the more good he will do the university.

Mr. Crane's sneer at college men on \$2,000 a year, who are training young men to take their place in the world, there to earn many times as much, is purely gratuitous. Why are they not earning the larger salaries themselves? he asks, and answers it to his own satisfaction by declaring it is because they are teaching nonsense. Poor, misguided millionaire! With him the ability to make money is his sole measure of success. He is unable to comprehend the joy that comes into the life of the successful teacher, who sees the young mind expanding under his fructifying processes and with no other thought but to make better men, more useful citizens, of those entrusted to his charge. Doubtless, there are many college professors who could command greater stipends in other lines of endeavor, but they love their work, for which they have a spe-

cial calling, and they prefer to be happy to being financially rich. Many there are who are unfitted by temperament to cope with the workaday world, yet whose sound theories make success possible to the graduate when he shall have said farewell to the classroom.

Because he does not immediately achieve success is no reflection upon the university or the student. His four years, if they have been filled with honest work, are bound to redound to his advantage, and the world's, in good season. He may not acquire great riches as Mr. Crane has done, but there is a finer achievement for the worker than the piling up of dollars. If he shall have learned the lesson of self-control, of his duty to his fellowmen, of the charm of good books, had intimate association with great minds, solved difficult problems, mastered the sciences that shall make it possible for him to build railroads, throw bridges across streams, control electricity and in other directions perform his share in the world's progress, he has not wasted his time nor has his alma mater been in vain.

Out upon the sordid commercial spirit of the age that knows but one standard! Mr. Crane is not a college man, and, perhaps unconsciously, he is embittered because of this fact, so vents his spleen on the innocent object of his wrath. It is a queer procedure. We know several of his kind, but for every one such there are scores who regret, every hour of their lives, their loss in this respect. We are inclined to the belief that Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, head of the Armour Institute, is right and that Mr. Crane is a troglodyte—he talks like a cave man.

TAFT'S ARGUMENTS NOT CONVINCING

C ELEBRATION of Lincoln's birthday in New York City, of late years, has been seized upon by White House occupants as an opportunity to address the country on the burning issues of the day and particularly on those closely identified with the current administration. Thus, McKinley and Roosevelt and now Taft were the leading speakers, in turn, at recurring Lincoln Day dinners, given by prominent Republicans of the Atlantic metropolis, the last-named President, however, in a set speech, last Saturday, defending the platform pledges of his party, which he knows are sadly in need of a bolstering process.

Mr. Taft began by referring to the party of Lincoln, in whose administration a high protective tariff was a leading principle. We might point out to Mr. Taft, and also to Mr. Cannon, who spoke at Pittsburg the same day, that at the time Abraham Lincoln announced his platform, when he was a candidate for the legislature in 1835, the country's industries were in a feeble condition, struggling for a foothold against the prosperous manufacturers of Great Britain and Europe. There is a vast difference in their status today and that of seventy-five years ago. The situation is completely reversed. Yet the high tariffs continue to be imposed, higher now, in fact, than when the Civil War was in progress. The infant industries have grown into gigantic monopolies, but the party of Lincoln and the emulous Mr. Taft is still protecting these timid, struggling little creatures that can undersell all Europe in the foreign markets, while charging a big advance on all their products to American consumers, thanks to the outrageous high tariff to which Mr. Taft so reverently refers.

Asking in what respect the Republican party has failed in its conduct of the government and the enactment of laws to perform its duty, Mr. Taft tells us that its pre-election promises have either been complied with or are about to be performed. This would be reassuring if it were not for the evidences of interpretation already noted.

In regard to the tariff, Mr. Taft, a bit petulantly declares, "We did revise it." Then he disingenuously adds:

Nothing was expressly said in the platform that this revision was to be a downward revision. The implication that it was to be generally downward, however, was fairly given by the fact that those who uphold a protective tariff system defend it by the claim that after an industry has been established by shutting out foreign competition, the domestic competition will lead to the reduction in price, so as to make the original high tariff unnecessary.

It is true the party plank did not specifically promise revision downward, but Mr. Taft, acting as spokesman for his party, repeatedly placed that interpretation on the pledge and gave the people to understand that he would devote his whole endeavor to reduce the obnoxious, unfair, excessive duties, in the event of his election. How he kept that self-imposed obligation is history, which none of his later promises can rewrite. How farcical to talk of domestic competition leading to a reduction in price, after an industry has been established by shutting out foreign goods! Beautiful in theory, but directly contrary to the facts. Mr. Taft may tell us that the new tariff law made 654 decreases, 220 increases, and left 1,150 items of the dutiable list unchanged, but we must remind him that the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof. Already, the country is groaning because of the many advances in prices, made possible—not necessary, but possible—by the higher tariffs.

Time and again, it has been revealed that apparent reductions have been "coppered," so to speak, by little quirks of verbiage, whose interpretation has resulted in a higher instead of a lower duty, as fondly imagined by the gullible consumer. Mr. Taft has told us that it is the best tariff law ever enacted. Best for whom? Not for the consumer, God wot. It wasn't in response to the appeals of the beneficiaries that the Republican party was induced to take up tariff revision, but having been compelled so to do, the trusts saw to it that their "protection" was assailed as lightly as possible, and the man who was to stand like a rock of Gibraltar between their rapacity and the people proved to be nothing but a jelly mold. The "reasonable profit to American industries" continues to be interpreted by the ones receiving it, with the consumers still holding the bag.

Instead of awaiting the report of the Currency Commission before passing the proposed postal savings bank bill, which common sense would seem to dictate, because of the party pledge, it is to be hammered through to passage, according to Mr. Taft, to weaken still further our decrepit financial system; a thoroughly unwise procedure, as we have heretofore argued at length. Conservation of the public domain is indorsed, but, meantime, the men having this important subject immediately in charge, are under grave suspicion of playing into the hands of those who are bent to exploiting the public domain in their own selfish interests. The two officials who sought to expose this chicanery have been shorn of their powers by the executive.

Again, Mr. Taft advances the cause of party over that of principle, going so far as to say that "leaders of the party organization are subjected to the severest attacks and to the questioning of their motives without any adequate evidence to justify it." If Mr. Taft refers to the attacks on Cannon and on Ballinger, he must not be surprised if he finds his opinion stoutly refuted by many honest Republicans who are neither so biased nor yet so wilfully blind as he. Such an *ipse dixit* merits rather contemptuous consideration. It were better that Mr. Taft had not attempted to espouse their cause. His language is touchingly sincere: "I am the last one to advocate any halt in the prosecution and condemnation of Republicans, however prominent and powerful, whose conduct requires criminal or other prosecution and condemnation;" but, alas, he lops off the heads of those who essay to reveal the wrongdoing.

Living is higher, he says, because of the increase in our measure of values, notably gold, and "possibly, in some cases, to the combinations in restraint of trade." Yes, possibly; and it is the acquiescent Mr. Taft and his "best ever" tariff

law, that impose on the country such a condition. Why Mr. Taft refrained from putting in a word for the ship subsidy grab, when so golden an opportunity offered, is a bit surprising. Perhaps he found it difficult enough to explain why the Republican party should be retained in office, in spite of its many shortcomings, without borrowing more trouble. On the whole, we think Mr. Taft has an unhappy time ahead. The apologies for his party's sins are not convincing.

MEN TO MEASURE BY

WITH good grace we accept the scolding administered by the ably edited San Bernardino Sun which takes us to task for ignoring Southern California, beyond the confines of Los Angeles, in considering a fit successor for the Flint senatorial toga. Contrary to the implied charge, we are not so insular in our purview as our cavilling contemporary intimates, for we fully recognize that all the ability, all the statesmanlike qualities south of the Tehachapi are not peculiar to Los Angeles. With pleasure we accept the suggestion that Congressman S. C. Smith of the Eighth (not the Seventh) district is as well qualified as either Mr. Joseph Scott or Mr. Willis H. Booth to bear senatorial honors, and with great equanimity we could witness Mr. Smith's elevation to the upper house, in the event of Senator Flint's positive retirement.

In presenting the names of Messrs. Scott and Booth, we stated that they were advanced as being typical of the kind of men to choose for this important office. We repeat that their experiences in the public life of this city have proved an excellent schooling for the higher work demanded of a United States senator, but because we did not pass in review all the eligibles outside of Los Angeles is not to be construed, as apparently our neighbor seems to think, as an arbitrary elimination from consideration of the material to be found elsewhere than in this city. Far from it. The field is free to all aspirants. That is the beauty of the direct primary system, and every candidate who chooses may enter the contest. We merely point to a certain standard, and insist that the one seeking senatorial preferment should measure up to it.

We do not arrogate to this city all the goodness, all the greatness, all the perspicacity of Southern California. We do believe that Los Angeles, because of her commercial supremacy, her vast interests, should be accorded the senatorship, if we can present the best man, but we are not hidebound. We cheerfully concur in the San Bernardino Sun's insinuation that Los Angeles is not the Whole Thing. But we insist that the men we have named as being well-fitted to serve the state at the national capital have become so through their civic activities here, and because of this they have shown themselves to be ably representative of the entire community. Tut, tut, Brother Harbeson, forbear to tilt at windmills.

INDEX ON NATIONAL POLITICS

PREVIOUS reference has been made in The Graphic to the poll taken by the Chicago Tribune of newspaper editors, west of the Alleghenies to the Pacific coast, on the new tariff law, Cannonism and on presidential preferences. Editors of Republican and independent newspapers in twenty-four states responded, and the results obtained offer food for interesting thought. That Mr. Taft is out of touch with the people is an inevitable conclusion, reached first, by the condemnation of the tariff law, next by the sentiment adverse to Cannon, and, lastly, by the straw vote on the President, which shows that Theodore Roosevelt is the majority choice, with Taft about thirty per cent behind.

On the tariff law, the vote stood as follows: Republicans—For, 812; against, 2,686. Independents—For, 27; against, 577. Total—For, 837; against, 3,463. By more than four to one the disaffection against Mr. Taft's "best ever" tariff is revealed. Cannonism is similarly scored, the vote standing: Republicans—For, 546; against, 2,653. Independents—For, 31; against, 541. Total—For, 577; against, 3,194. The dissentient states were Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado,

Oklahoma, Utah, Wyoming, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Washington, Oregon, California, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee. In Illinois the vote against Cannon was about four to one. In California the line-up was nearly five to one against Cannon. Here is the significant vote in this state on the tariff: Republicans—For, 22; against, 99. Independents—For, 3; against, 38. Total—For, 25; against, 137, or more than five to one in opposition. In the presidential choice, California gave Roosevelt 81, Taft 45, LaFollette and Hughes each 4, and Pinchot 2, with the remainder scattering.

Coming, as this does, almost simultaneously with Mr. Taft's labored effort to prove that the Republican party is deserving of the confidence of the rank-and-file, so representative a vote shows conclusively that the executive has a hopeless task on his hands. The same forces that elected him President are now arrayed behind the insurgents in congress, and the poll gives conclusive evidence that the President has lost ground with the people, just as we have repeatedly stated. Unless Cannon is retired and the Progressives accorded that consideration the sentiment of the country demands, there is large trouble looming for the Republican party. As for Mr. Taft, he never can be elected to a second term, that is evident.

WHAT POLITICAL EQUALITY OFFERS

FRANKNESS is an admirable trait. Mrs. Lillian Duncanson, who has many friends in Los Angeles, is president of the Political Equality League of Chicago, and, judging by the remarks she made before the Chicago Culture Club, recently, later amplified to a reporter for the Record-Herald of that city, she is in full possession of this attribute. In her address she said she was tired of being a woman, tired of being told that her sole purpose in life was to "put on a pretty gown and smile." In a word, that she wished she were a man. When asked to interpret that longing, she told her interviewer that she "didn't wish to be a man in the full meaning of the word." She hastened to add:

Men have too many characteristic faults to be wholly admirable. I should like still to be a woman, with all of a woman's emotions, all her instincts and her intuitions, and, with those, possess the powers and the freedom that the law, tradition and the customs of centuries have conferred upon the "sterner sex." I believe the world would be better if women were born that way. I believe the time is coming when they will be that way. I am convinced that the change can be effected without creating a violent revolution in our social system. It will come chiefly through woman suffrage and through the enlightenment of men and women that will follow woman suffrage. I am a club woman and I know the tremendous amount of energy that is wasted every year because the members of women's clubs are always women. We have to do everything by proxy. If we are working toward some reform, we cannot attack our task directly; we have to ask a man to do that for us. We devote our energies to working on the man. There is always the interposition of the man between the club woman and the things she wants to do. It is baffling.

He is a brute who fails to sympathize with that point of view. Mrs. Duncanson is right in saying that her sex, striving after great reforms, must yet work by proxy, because of their non-suffrage rights. The bright women, knowing just what they want to do, what effects they yearn to accomplish, are handicapped by their limitations. Perhaps the men, whom they hope to imbue with their enthusiasm, are stupid, as she suggests, or unsympathetic and cold. Whatever the cause, they are often disappointing, and the energies of the earnest women are dissipated in consequence. Mrs. Duncanson believes there are more important tasks for the Chicagoan than the building of a greater city, industrially and commercially. If the women had their way, they would abandon that semi-barbaric impulse and strive rather for the goal of humanitarianism. To make Chicago ten or a hundred times larger than London would not conduce to individual happiness, argues Mrs. Duncanson, but if the energy so expended were devoted to making the city one hundred times cleaner and more comfortable than the British capital, the lot of everybody in the Illinois metropolis would be far more enviable.

We believe her. We believe clean streets and clean morals would be prior considerations with

the women voters, and that dirt and dissipation would give way before their besoms of reform. All this and more they would do if their political handicap were removed, and who dare assert that such aspirations are chimerical and unpractical? But we hope to see these things accomplished by women, as women, and we grieve to find so personable a representative of the gentler sex giving voice to longings that we must chide. Mrs. Duncanson, from her picture, is shown to have a most attractive face, and that she is as charming as she is comely is well-known to her friends. That she is not a man and cannot be a man is a blessed thought—the world would be infinitely the loser in that event—but that she and her sisters may enjoy the privilege of the ballot, kindly vouchsafed to man by man, to the exclusion of her kind, should be the devout wish of everyone who believes in a citizenship that knows no sex limitations.

GRAPHITES

There could be no greater disparity of opinion on the subject of college education than that held by R. T. Crane and Dr. D. K. Pearson, both of Chicago. The former millionaire cannot condemn higher education too severely, the latter has given millions to aid struggling colleges engaged in this work. Next April Dr. Pearson will celebrate his ninetieth birthday, when he will distribute another fortune in his favorite manner. Chicago is full of sharp angles, but these two gentlemen present the most striking contrasts in their points of view of any that can be readily recalled.

Speaking at Springfield, Ill., last Saturday, on "Some Results of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation," Booker T. Washington, in the course of his address, declared that the negro is fast becoming a factor in commercial life in the south. He said the negro race in this country now owns and pays taxes on \$550,000,000 worth of property, including 200,000 farms and 400,000 homes, and that in the short period of freedom since the war more than 57 per cent of the colored race has learned to read and write.

Chief Justice Fuller of the United States supreme court attained his seventy-seventh birthday last week, and the twenty-second year of his service on the bench, only two of his predecessors having exceeded him in that respect—John Marshall and Roger M. Taney. "Notwithstanding his years," remarks the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin, "The chief justice is in the full tide of mental and physical health and vigor," adding, "The number of years at which a man may be definitely set down as old depends very largely upon the man." We agree with our esteemed contemporary that the "age limit" is a figment. What is the end to a man of sixty, may be merely a joke to another of seventy-five. If the fires are still burning there is no occasion to shut off steam.

Glavis continues to hold his own in the investigation at Washington, despite the fact that a smart lawyer, engaged by Ballinger, is baiting the slow-speaking, earnest witness for the people. Harper's Weekly, in a recent issue, makes the sensible comment that, "It looks to an outsider as if the administration, including the interior department, had been too much inclined to underrate everybody guilty of dissatisfaction with the record and methods of Secretary Ballinger. The 'judge' has passed on the matter, and that ought to have ended it. But it didn't, and we hope Mr. Ballinger's lawyers are competent hands who will bring out everything on his side and make his position, antecedents, associations, and purposes entirely clear. He hasn't been fortunate in his dealings. We would like, at least, to be convinced that his purposes were wise, lawful and strictly virtuous."

In adopting the report of the immigration committee favoring the unrestricted immigration of Chinese and Japanese to the coast, the Los Angeles chamber of commerce has earned the gratitude of all housekeepers who know the value of a well-trained Chinese cook or a deaf Chinese boy. Aside from their value as house servants, California needs the Jap and the Chinaman in harvesting her citrus and other crops, in which work the Asiatic excels and in nowise conflicts with white labor. This action by the chamber of commerce may cause surprise at Washington, where the report of the committee has been forwarded, owing to the marked difference of opinion between Los Angeles and San Francisco on the subject, but it is the correct and sensible viewpoint just the same.

That philanthropic institution, the Pullman

Palace Car Company, has announced a stock dividend of 20 per cent on the corporation's one hundred millions of capital. This calls for the issuance of twenty millions of new capital worth nearly forty million dollars in the open market, which will be given to the present shareholders without cost. Action to authorize this new issue will be taken at a special meeting of the stockholders, called for March 21. Pullman stock pays \$8 a share dividends each year, and sells in the market at \$198 a share, or nearly twice the par value. Yet the price of "lowers" and "uppers" remains the same, and the porters must continue to rely on "tips" to eke out the slender salaries paid by this impoverished corporation.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

GEORGE CATLIN is best known for his letters and notes on the manners, customs and conditions of the North American Indians, among whom he sojourned for eight years, his observations and sketches in that time conveying a fund of information concerning the native tribes of the northwest, whose value, ethnologically considered, it were difficult to overrate. Of this work I had occasion to consider a few months ago in a former "browsing" in the Old Book Shop, having uncovered a fine edition of his letters, adorned with 150 illustrations on steel and wood. This week, at the same fount, I turned up a curious little publication by Catlin, so rare that I doubt if many have ever heard of it. "The Breath of Life; or Mal-Respiration and its Effects Upon the Enjoyments and Life of Man" is the rather pretentious and elongated title. The imprint is that of John Wiley, New York, and the date, 1861. There are twenty-five characteristic illustrations by Catlin, and on the plain board covers, front and back, are the bracketed sentences, "All life (on earth) is breath; all else (on earth) is death." In a brief preface the author assures us that, "No person on earth who reads this little work will condemn it; it is only a question how many millions may look through it and benefit themselves by adopting its precepts." The inside "s's," by the way, are rendered in archaic "f's," after the manner of a century ago. Why this retrogression, so late as 1861, passes comprehension.

* * *

I admit having read the brochure with profit, although much that Mr. Catlin conveys in his rather precise language has long passed into current acceptance. Chiefly interesting is the treatise because of the bearing it has on the author's ethnographic labors among the tribal Indians and of the references he makes to their sanitary system. Catlin refutes the assertion of other writers of his time, to the effect that premature mortality is greater among the savage than among the civilized races, except, as he points out, among those communities of savages that have been corrupted, and their simple and temperate modes of life changed by the dissipations and vices introduced among them by civilized people. He mentions numerous tribes, living in a primitive state, where the death of a child under ten years was an unusual occurrence. In many embalments that he investigated, the proportion of children to adults was about one in ten. This infrequency of the deaths of minors was more strongly exemplified by examining the collection of human skulls preserved and lying on the ground underneath the scaffolds or prairie cemeteries. By the custom peculiar to the Mandans, when the scaffolds decay, on which the bodies rest, and fall to the ground, the skulls, which are bleached, are carefully and superstitiously preserved in several large circles on the ground. After noting several hundred of these skulls, Catlin was impressed by the almost incredibly small proportion of crania of children; and even more so, in the completeness and soundness of their beautiful sets of teeth, of all ages, which he found scrupulously kept together, by the lower jaws being attached to the other bones of the head.

* * *

He gives a quaint drawing of two circles of these skulls, with a background of the newer scaffolds bearing mummified-appearing bodies. In the Mandan tribe of 2,000 souls he found not one instance of idiocy, of crooked spine, of deaf and dumb, or of other deformity of a disabling kind. This exemption from mental and physical imperfections, he discovered, obtained among all those tribes that were living in their primitive condition, and according to their original modes, thus forming a striking contrast to the sanitary conditions of civilized communities. It was this notable difference that led the author to search among the savage race for the hidden causes of their exemption from, and among the white people for the cause of their subjection to the frightful results which the lists of mortality show. Catlin attributes the hidden cause of disease to the sim-

ple neglect to secure the vital and intended advantages to be derived from quiet and natural sleep, for natural and not abused repose, with the air passing through the nose to the lungs in soothed and tempered currents. He tells of seeing Indian mothers, after nursing their offspring, press together the lips of the papooses as they lay asleep in their cradles in the open air, and after looking at the Indians in the mass for the results of such a practice, he had said to himself, "What a glorious education! Such mothers deserve to be the nurses of emperors."

* * *

Catlin contrasts this habit with that of the "careful, tender" mothers in civilized life, who cover the faces of their infants, sleeping in overheated rooms, with their little mouths open and gasping for breath, and, reflecting upon the two methods, he was struck with the evident evil and lasting results of this incipient stage of education. After pointing out that no animal in nature, excepting man, sleeps with the mouth open, and this unnatural habit in him is generally confined to civilized communities, he says, if white children were trained from their cradles, as are the Indians, to close the mouth during sleep, the beneficial results to follow would show in their fine and manly forms, and exemption from mental and physical diseases. He insists that the habit of sleeping with the mouth open is destructive to the human constitution, and is caused by sleeping in confined and overheated air, to the imprudence of mothers being due, primarily, to the misery of their own offspring. Hence, to them, the world must look for the correction of the error, and, consequently, the benefaction of mankind. They should first be made acquainted with the fact that infants do not require heated air, and that it is far healthier for the little ones to sleep with their heads out of the window than inside their mothers' arms.

* * *

Catlin tells how he cured himself of the pernicious habit of mouth-breathing in his sleep. At 34, when he suddenly decided to cease the practice of law and, taking his brush and palette, invade the wilderness, he was exceedingly feeble, and threatened with pulmonary trouble. His overtimid mother, unlike the Indian mothers, had allowed him to sleep with his mouth open until it had become a fixed habit. Sleeping in canoes or in hammocks, or upon the banks of rivers, between buffalo robes, spread upon the grass, and breathing through his mouth the chilly air of dewy and foggy nights, that was circulating around him, did not help his complaint, and Catlin began a determined struggle to overcome the habit. At last, on the banks of the upper Missouri, after much suffering, accompanied by bleeding at the lungs, his perseverance and resolution to keep his teeth and lips tightly closed in sleep, triumphed, the danger was averted and his life was saved. In subsequent years of exposure, in which time he slept out doors in all latitudes, he enjoyed natural respiration in sleep to the complete restoration of his health. This experience the author gives for the benefit of his fellow beings, in the hope that they may find a permanent cure, as he did. The Indians, says Catlin, have a great contempt for mouth-breathers. He tells of a duel planned between a Sioux brave and a white man, a fur trader. The combat was to have been fought in a state of nudity, with knives as weapons, but, at the last moment, the factor succeeded in patching up the quarrel. Catlin asked the Indian if he felt fears of his antagonist, who appeared to be his superior in size and strength, to which he promptly replied, "No, not in the least; I never fear harm from a man who can't shut his mouth, no matter how large or how strong he may be."

* * *

So beware to open the mouth, is the moral of Catlin's essay, and that he is right in his deductions scientists since his time have given eloquent testimony. Man is an "open-mouthed animal," but he is so by habit and not by nature, and if the practice of the Indian mothers were followed in civilized communities, future generations could be taught how to breathe aright. The author's parting advice is, keep your mouth shut when you read, when you write, when you listen, when walking or running, when riding, and, by all means, when you are angry. Exercise your will power before going to sleep and determine to keep your teeth and lips closed; that is half the battle. With patience and perseverance the habit of snoring and mouth-breathing may be overcome. Finally, Catlin bequeaths to posterity the most important motto human language can convey: "Shut Your Mouth!" He would print and engrave it in every nursery, and on every bedpost in the universe. If obeyed, its importance, he is convinced, soon would be realized.

S. T. C.

TOURS AFOOT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SINCE man first began admiring how the world was made, a favorite means of finding objects upon which to bestow that admiration has been to travel about on foot, getting the fullest measure of observation with the greatest amount of bodily benefit. Even in this day of automobiles and cheap rail transportation, the most popular way of seeing Europe, among students and artists who wish to get close to the real life of the native people, is by pedestrian trips.

In America, walking tours are still so unusual, except among the highly exclusive hobos, as to attract considerable attention. This is partly because the monotonous nature of our eastern states is not adapted to keeping the tourists' enthusiasm at the proper pitch to enjoy the exertion that is necessary in this sort of travel.

But all of Europe has no region to offer that can surpass Southern California in inducements to the foot traveler. A smiling land of fruits, flowers, sunshine and good cheer, it is the paradise of the man, or woman, who loves to start out in the crisp morning and walk over the hills and valleys and along the noisy ocean side to a cozy little inn, snuggled down in a comfortable rural retreat, there to rest and chat with the natives until another day brings the impulse to move on to fresh scenes.

Many people have come to a realization of the fact that this is the ideal way of "seeing" California, its missions and orchards, its mountains and deserts. They have found that to travel about in this way, stopping with private families or in the strange little hotels along the way, both Spanish and American, is a much more satisfactory winter vacation than to settle down in one spot for three months and then consider they know "their California." They have also found that it is no more expensive. Let me suggest a few of the trips open to the person who delights to travel afoot:

El Camino Real—the king' highway—is by royal right the finest walking route in all North America. Starting from San Diego, it passes each of the original Franciscan missions, winds through fertile valleys and modern cities along the Pacific's restless rim till it reaches San Francisco. The missions were placed a "day's journey" apart, but it was a horse's day and not a man's. However, country hotels all along El Camino Real furnish convenient stopping places at any length of "day's journey" the traveler wishes.

El Camino Real trip can, of course, be taken in sections, say from Los Angeles to San Diego, or from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. Most of the royal road has been marked by iron signboards, surmounted by a bell and stamped with the distance to each of the two nearest missions. The signs were erected by the Landmarks League of California. In traveling along this road, one will pass the most magnificent chain of buildings ever erected in what now comprises the territory of the United States. The traveler must not forget that these stately buildings were almost entirely the work of untrained hands, superintended by men whose devotion to their religion must excite the admiration of every person, no matter what his creed.

From Los Angeles to San Diego and return by a different route is a fine trip. One can go down through the "back country" and return along El Camino Real. The way is through the garden of Los Angeles county to Corona in Riverside county, and then through the Temescal canyon to Elsinore lake, the only large body of fresh water in Southern California. Here is a delightful place to stop for a few days and enjoy the sulphur baths, which make the place famous. Thence, the traveler can move leisurely on to Temecula, over the hills to Fallbrook and Escondido and on to San Diego. The round trip, going by this route and returning up the coast, is about three hundred miles. From Temecula or Escondido, on the San Diego walk, the tramp can make a wide detour to the east, through the beautifully wooded hill country of San Diego county, visiting many of the native California Indian settlements that are scattered about in the little valleys.

To Santa Barbara, the route lies up the San Fernando valley, over the Newhall grade and through Piru, Camulos and Santa Paula to Ventura, and thence up the coast to Santa Barbara. On this tramp many old California ranches will be passed, where life goes on much as it did in the days "before the Gringo came." Returning, the route may be varied from Ventura south, by coming through Oxnard, Santa Susanna and Calabasas to Santa Monica, which is an easy twenty

miles from Los Angeles. Calabasas is a dozen miles from a railroad, and is said to be the only place in California where a genuine old Spanish fandango may still be witnessed.

It is sixty miles east along the foothill boulevard to Riverside and Redlands, the center of the finest orange-growing region in the world. The towns are close together along the boulevard, and the section is all under high cultivation. Should the rover wish to see a bit of the great desert, he can go on from Redlands up the San Gorgonio

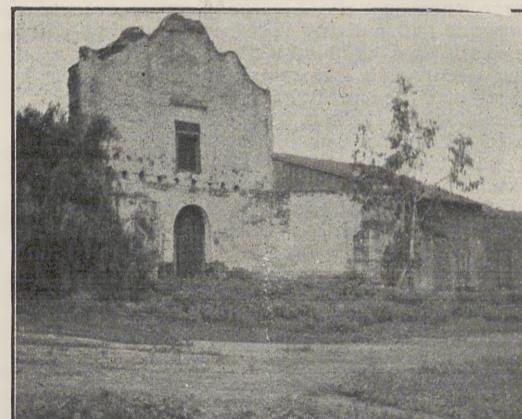


OLD MILL, NEAR SAN GABRIEL

pass to Banning, which mountain village is only twenty-five miles from Palm Springs, the famous oasis on the western edge of the Colorado desert.

In Southern California the pedestrian tourist need not worry about accommodations. The little inns are seldom more than ten or twelve miles apart, and the fare is good. In the sparser settled regions, the residents are usually delighted to put up the wayfarer, enjoying his visit quite as much as he does himself. The United States topographical maps, which can be purchased at the book stores, are an invaluable aid to the pedestrian. They show all the roads, the different towns and the prominent landmarks in such a concise way that to lose oneself is practically impossible. A camera, in a walking trip, is a source of joy never before realized. The collection of pictures is strictly individual, a series which could never again be obtained, and one which will bring the owner again and again the joys of trips, whose memory will be a pleasure all his life.

Most pedestrians carry merely a light knapsack, containing a change of underwear and linen and toilet articles. A small frypan and cup, in which to prepare hot luncheons, are useful.



ONLY STANDING WALL OF SAN DIEGO MISSION

Heavier changes of clothing can be expressed in a suit case, between the more important points on a journey. Uninformed pedestrians, traveling in California, being unfamiliar with the region they are traversing, carry shooting irons. Personally, I never do, and do not believe there is any need of it, but, perhaps, they derive enough mental comfort from the practice to compensate for the additional weight.

Mountain boots, with not too heavy a sole, are the most practical footwear, as one may at times have to walk along muddy roads, and the boots are convenient in wading puddles and fording streams. Till he has made at least one pedestrian trip, getting away from the beaten routes of travel and seeing a little of the more primitive life of this rich state, no tourist need think that he knows "his California." BOB FOOTE.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

SO LONG as Southern California pins her faith to one candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, and so long as the inclinations of the remainder of the state are toward half a dozen different candidates, there should be no difficulty in the south capturing the prize. Moreover, there is a strong undercurrent of opinion in San Francisco in favor of Southern California naming the next governor. This undercurrent is not due to any phenomenal tide of unselfishness, but to the conviction that it is high time to woo and win the south. San Francisco's strongest ambitions are set just now upon the Panama-Pacific exposition in 1915. The good will and co-operation of Los Angeles are almost as essential as the fund of five million dollars to be raised at home. It is recognized that a long step toward securing that good will might be gained by acceding cheerfully to the claim that it is Southern California's turn to select the state's chief executive. Hence it is that a Stanton movement may develop spontaneously here at any time. Since the ex-speaker's announcement of his candidacy, I have yet to hear or read a word of unfavorable comment.

* * *

Sacramento, perhaps, may still be striving to ignore Stanton's prominence in the race, for this week the United Press correspondent at the capital gravely sent out the information that Charles F. Curry and Alden Anderson "are likely to be the only Republican candidates." Evidently, it is time for Stanton to revisit Sacramento. Moreover, at this stage of the game, it would seem he might well rest his cause with his enthusiastic friends and supporters in Los Angeles, and put himself and his glad hand in circulation up here. In political circles, of course, throughout the state, Philip A. Stanton is a familiar figure. He is also a popular member of the Union League Club, San Francisco's costly citadel of Republicanism. But, according to all the figurers on the direct primary campaign, the ubiquitousness of the candidate's handshake is likely to prove a most important asset. Here is Frank Jordan, who hopes to slip into Curry's shoes, confident of victory, because, already, six months before the primary election, he has shaken hands with more than 50,000 voters by actual count. What a wonderful recommendation for a secretary of state!

* * *

Whether the direct primary law is to prove the great boon the reformers hoped is gravely questioned. But, at least, we shall have ample opportunity this year to test its merits and to unfold its disadvantages. Already, its ramifications are held responsible for the prospective loss of two of the best servants the state has ever had. An intimate friend of Governor Gillett is responsible for the statement that the inward reason of his determination not to be a candidate to succeed himself was that he could not reconcile a six months' personal campaign with his duties as governor. Moreover, such campaigning as seems almost imperative for success under the direct primary law must involve a considerable outlay of hard cash. It is not even possible to shake hands with fifty thousand voters without heavy expense, if not of money, at least of equally valuable time and energy. Much the same reasons, only more aggravated, doubtless, account for Senator Flint's announced retirement. So far, at all events, in this year's campaigning, which is altogether premature in comparison with former seasons, the direct primary system will make "the man seek the office" with a sterner hunt than ever before.

* * *

To the south, also, the Democrats are looking for a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness of non-office holding they have occupied since the palmy days of Budd. Theodore Bell's projection of himself into San Francisco's recent municipal campaign caused hundreds of hatchets to be sharpened for his scalp. "To nominate Bell," says Gavin McNab, "would be like putting the crape on the door before the election instead of after it, as has been our unfortunate Democratic custom."

* * *

There is a persistent rumor here that Henry T. Gage is being urged by his friends to resign the mission to Portugal, that he may become a candidate for the senate to succeed Frank P. Flint. Even the identity of the manager of Gage's prospective campaign was whispered on the rialto today, with the assurance that ten out of twelve holdover senators (Sacramento) had already registered their preference for Gage. By the time this reaches print, this rumor may have been shattered into fragments or floated above

airship altitude, but, meantime, it is the most toothsome morsel on the lips of the best-informed political gossipers.

* * *

Emil Bruguiere, composer of operas, man of fashion and champagne vendor, personally supplied, the other day, incidents which he might incorporate into his next musical comedy. One afternoon last week he was the host at a swell reception, graced by the elite of the town, at which several gems from his most recent musical work were sung and played. While entertaining his guests, he was interrupted by the importunities of a process-server. The next morning he was forced to appear in court and take the rings off his fingers to satisfy a judgment.

San Francisco, February 15. R. H. C.

LONDON'S OBSOLESCENT POOR'S BOX

I SUPPOSE Los Angeles churches do not harbor that almost forgotten piece of antiquity, the "poor's boxes." Over here these relics of medieval days have almost disappeared from our churches, although we still have them in our prisons and police courts. But charity seems to have fled from our churches, for there they appear to be considered unnecessary articles. Indeed, as if to show how strangely custom has perverted its use, its very name has become changed—the rich "poor's box" of former age, being now abbreviated to a "poor box" only. It has no longer a genitive case, it belongs not to the poor, except as it is poor itself. The large cobweb with which the satire of Hogarth has clogged it up, tells not more plainly its neglected condition than does the omission of that single letter in its designation, which time and truth have alike established. It is poor, indeed!—starved in neglected holes and corners. But it is not entirely so. Hiding in an obscure village church, it may still be found among ancient relics and forgotten lumber, or, revived by a worthy antiquary, it may reappear in the church porch, and wait patiently for charity till neglect shall again cover it with dust and be once more forgotten.

* * *

In looking at some engravings recently, I found that a few of these poor's boxes have survived the changes of four and five centuries. They are from three neighboring churches in a secluded part of Norfolk (a county rich in ecclesiastical remains), where they may be said to have been discovered by J. A. Repton, by whom an account has been transmitted to the Antiquarian Society. The central chest, mounted on an octagonal stone pedestal, is from the Church of Cawston, and is probably as old as the church itself, which was built between the years 1385 and 1414. The one on the left hand of the engraving is from Loddon church, built about 1495; and the other, of about the same date, is from the church at Wickmere. From the substantial manner in which these boxes are made, being massive wooden structures, strongly bound and secured with iron plates, it would seem that the amount deposited in them in those days, for the use of the poor, oftentimes was so considerable as to render such precautions necessary against robbery; for, doubtless, there were knaves in the land, then as now, who would not scruple to plunder even the poor's box, if the booty was sufficiently tempting. We may also judge from the number of the keys (the Cawston box having places for three, of which it is supposed two were for the church wardens, the other for the clergyman), that even the officials might be tempted to go astray. Besides these expedients, there is yet another in this Cawston box, where an inverted cup, suspended from the lid, allows the alms to glide over to the receptacle below, but prevents their abstraction through the money hole at the top.

* * *

Formerly, the poor's box was to be found in every cathedral, church, chapel or meeting-house, where the principles of Christianity were taught, and the duties of man to man enjoined upon all. There where charity was preached and its lessons illustrated by Holy Writ, was the poor's box affixed, that the act might wait upon the will; that they whose hearts had been moved by the preacher's discourse, and who felt the desire to benefit their poorer brethren might do so at once, humbly and religiously. And on the continent it still retains its place in the cathedrals, the "frone" being placed frequently in several parts of the church, with inscriptions over it in three or four languages, stating to what use the alms will be applied—to the poor generally, at times for par-

ticular charities—to which is mostly added a text from Scripture, appealing to the feelings or religion of the visitor.

* * *

But the poor's box is now banished from our churches, modern refinement having substituted for it the glaring silver-plate, which, once a month, or on the occasion of a "charity sermon" (for it is only on these rare occasions it makes its appearance), stands boldly in the way of all who leave the church, or appeals still more strongly to their vanity in a pompous walk, or triumph, from pew to pew. And there also stands the beadle in his scarlet and gold, now bowing to the guinea dropped from the perfumed glove of the "carriage lady;" now hastening to remove the half pence (the "widow's mite," perhaps the only contribution of true charity), because the coppers sully the luster of the more patrician coin. There is little charity in these gold and silver offerings. Pride and ostentation there is much; and for these the old and unobtrusive poor's box is sacrificed. The cause of the poor may not therefore be injured; and perhaps they by whom this change has been introduced, studying human nature as it is, rather than as it ought to be, have judged wisely in enlisting pride and vanity in a cause which charity is not alone sufficient to secure. But we would fain hope otherwise. A better spirit is now abroad; and as the false sympathy with crime and depravity, which has retained the poor's box longer in our prisons than in our churches, becomes exposed, our charity and sympathies will become more strongly directed to the cause of poverty. The poor's box may then regain its place in church, and we trust it will then lose its satirical title of "poor box."

EDWIN A. COOKE.

London, February 2, 1910.

YVETTE GUILBERT'S JUST GRIEVANCE

YVETTE GUILBERT has returned to France after a short stay in America. She expresses her opinion of the treatment she received in this country in no uncertain terms, and warns her fellow artists against believing in the promises of specious managers, who, trusting in the slow and costly procedure of the law to give them immunity, will, without conscience, leave an actress stranded without resources, if it proves to their advantage to do so. One manager in particular, whom she describes as wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole, she scores as not having "the slightest regard for his written word or signed engagements." And, further, she adds that "success in America has no real importance for the foreign artist. Managers frankly tell you that all they care for is to have your name, if famous, upon their posters."

* * *

It is not surprising that Madame Guilbert should feel bitterly. She is a great artist, and she has a right to expect appreciation. That she receives her due from the initiated is a foregone conclusion, but she is caviar to the vaudeville public, and that she should have been offered up on the altar of their inanity is sufficient warrant for her indignation. I was present at her first appearance at the Colonial Theater this season, and I have never before seen an audience so insult an actor. That her experience was unpleasant may be gathered from the fact that she was very nearly forced to leave the stage during the singing of one of her most exquisite songs. Admiration for the dignity with which she held her ground and responded to the appreciation of a very few, struggled with disgust at the treatment she received from the many. The audience, as a whole, gave the most brutal exhibition of boorish ill-breeding that it has ever been my fate to witness.

* * *

Madame Guilbert wore the early Victorian costume. In its picturesque wide flounces and with long auburn curls hanging about her shoulders, she suggested to the eye a miniature as delicate and exquisite as her singing. The audience, evidently knowing nothing about her, chose to see something humorous in her appearance, and greeted her with an outburst of derision. She looked surprised, but showed no annoyance, and began to sing in her inimitable way the quaint old English song, "Seventeen Next Sunday." The noise grew all over the house, the audience talked and laughed aloud, until her delicate voice was completely drowned, but she continued the song to the end. "Les Cloches de Nantes," which is full of a dramatic suggestion of terror, and, ordinarily, one of her most attractive songs, she sang in French. The unfamiliar tongue, and the evidently serious character of the song, called forth a demonstration that amounted almost to

personal abuse, and effectually prevented any recognition of the last two songs, "Mary Was a Housemaid" and "The Keys of Heaven," which might otherwise have been acceptable.

* * *

This incident furnishes sufficient basis for any charge Mme. Guilbert may make concerning the managerial attitude and the value attached to art, as opposed to the drawing power of a name. Certainly, on this occasion, the management took no steps to make the situation any easier for her. Further, it confirms a policy that seems to be well recognized among vaudevillians. I was told by a successful entertainer of these comic-supplement audiences, that, when the management secures for his headliner a well-known star in legitimate drama, he is under the necessity of providing, in addition, an exceptionally good bill, for the crowd never seems to take kindly to the brand of artistic food supplied by a sincere actor of the first rank, and requires to offset it, a goodly supply of its accustomed fodder. All of which strikes heavily against the theory that a thing, exquisite in itself and exquisitely done, will meet with appreciation even though the audience does not comprehend what it is meant to be. Judging from what one actually sees and hears, if Bernhardt could come, unknown and unheralded, to our vaudeville stage, the chances are that some one would shriek "Get the hook." Certainly, it is an established fact that the success of acting depends largely upon the audience, for, no matter what an actor does or how well he may do it, if the audience cannot respond he cannot make it, and, insofar as there is a lack of response, he fails. So that no manager should subject a sensitive, sincere artist to the indignity that he must feel when he finds he has been allowed to cast pearls before—people who cannot appreciate them.

* * *

It is very nice to record that, before Mme. Guilbert left New York, she gave a series of matinees before audiences capable of appreciating her delicate art. There is no other singer quite so wonderful in the unique field that she has chosen. She presents it graphically, creating more surely an atmosphere, bringing more perfectly before the vision the personalities that she creates than most actors in costume and make-up, playing with scenery, are able to do. She is full of contrasts, and whether it be of love, tragedy or comedy that she sings, whether it be a lyric or a ballad of yesterday, she is dramatic. And in her dainty way she can as readily suggest a cool meadow or a flowing stream, as, with her rare mimicry, she can make us hear the cry of a child or the voice of a father-confessor.

* * *

With the lift of an eyebrow she can speak a volume. "Mary was a housemaid, modest and content;" the words do not mean much, but, "tumty, tumty, tum, tum, tum," and Mary is there. "Her character was good and her morals excellent," a beautiful recommendation, but "tumty, tumty, tum, tum, tum," and Mary has not a shred of reputation to bless herself with. "What it was that Mary did, Mary did not know." But the old gossips, looking out of the window, are sure that it is something scandalous, for "Everywhere that Mary went, the men were sure to go. Mary sent them all away," exemplary Mary, "Back they came again." We see them besieging her, "for Mary was a magnet for the men, men, men." And so it goes, from humor to sadness, from terror to joy, from love to horror. A slight movement of her head and the fall of her arm, and a head grins up at us from the headsman's basket.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, February 14.

General Chaffee May Turn Author

I hope the rumor I hear is true to the effect that Lieut.-Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, U.S.A., retired, whose life is filled with interesting data that should appeal to every American youngster with red blood in his veins, is considering seriously the compilation of his memoirs. The general has been importuned repeatedly to publish the story of his eventful life, but to this time he has not acquiesced in the notion. As the single American military commander of prominence who ever did duty abroad in time of active hostilities, as the representative of the United States at certain European court ceremonies, as a brigade officer in the Spanish War in Cuba, as military chief in the Philippines for several years, and as an Indian fighter for a quarter of a century, General Chaffee certainly has seen enough service to make his memoirs a storehouse of valuable data for every family in the United States.



Europe a General Mecca This Summer

There will be a depopulation of the California Club this summer, judging by what I hear. Everybody seem to be planning a European trip. Harry Kays and Rob Ross are abroad. George MacKay sailed Tuesday from San Francisco for a tour of the globe. Will Holliday leaves next week, with his wife, for a summer in Europe, whither also go Shelley Tolhurst and Mrs. Tolhurst. Judge Graff will sail in May. Russell Taylor and his wife also will cross the Atlantic about that time. Charley Hastings plans a similar outing, and numerous other club men have the continental fever in an incipient stage, likely to erupt at any moment. Los Angeles will be liberally represented abroad this summer, judging from present indications. A card just received by Fred Herr from Jack Tanner, from Canton, says he is off for Shanghai, Singapore, Java, India and Egypt that day—January 1.

Bit of Early History Recalled

Fair Oaks ranch, recently acquired by an important real estate firm for town lot and small farm purposes, is one of the historical places of Southern California. Years ago, before the civil war, the property was owned by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was forced by William Tecumseh Sherman to give way before Shiloh, in one of the decisive battles of the Civil War. Fair Oaks was the Johnston home when the general enlisted for the war on the Confederate side, and after leaving Southern California, he never again saw his ranch. The land, which was taken up on a pre-emption claim—about 2,000 acres—was sold last week at a valuation of \$3,000 an acre.

Judge Allen Convalescent

Presiding Justice M. T. Allen of the court of appeals, who has been ailing for several weeks, is reported as being entirely out of danger. For a time his condition was such as to give his intimate friends, as well as members of his family, considerable concern. Judge Allen has several years yet to serve in his present position, and, but for the fact that he has always declined to permit the use of his name, he might, long ago, have been elevated to the supreme bench. And that a federal judicial position might have been his for the asking is, I think, not an unwarranted assumption. A few years ago, Judge Allen and Senator Flint were law partners, and the latter would have been delighted to help place his former associate on the federal bench.

Honors to Santa Ana Editor

Editor J. P. Baumgartner of the Santa Ana Register has just been elected president of the National Editorial Association, the first California newspaper man to be so honored. The association met in New Orleans last week, and as the interstate commerce law no longer permits the issuance of continuous transportation, I am wondering how it was that the gathering was able to muster a respectable quorum. Mr. Baumgartner is an energetic newspaper publisher, at one time owner of the Pasadena Star.

Offsetting "Barbarous Mexico"

I notice that Otheman Stevens has contributed an article to Mr. Hearst's Cosmopolitan for February on Mexico—the opposing view to that taken by the American Magazine in its "Barbarous Mexico" story. Soon after the latter appeared, a hurry-up call for reprisal went out from the City of Mexico to the New York financial district. President Diaz is known to be exceedingly thin-skinned in regard to criticism on this side of the border, and as American financial interests are largely affected by the will of the Diaz government, when the autocrat of Mexico insisted that the attacks on his administration must cease, or, if that was impossible, his official course defended with printer's ink in the United States, Mr. Hearst was appealed to for aid and comfort. Inasmuch as his father's estate is largely interested in Mexico, this was only natural. In response, Mr. Hearst ordered the best man on the Los Angeles Examiner staff to hotfoot into the sister republic, there to remain long enough to get copy for a defense of Mexican conditions. Otheman Stevens was selected for the detail, and,

after being wined and dined in the Mexican capital five weeks, he returned home and wrote the story for the Cosmopolitan that has caused many to smile who are cognizant of conditions as they really exist in Mexico.

Must Insist on a Deposit

Last week I ventured to print a valentine poem offering a vacant heart to let, having furnace heat and with the premises generally in excellent repair. Master Cupid was named as the agent, to whom to apply for a lease. This week I am in receipt of the following communication in regard to the previous advertisement:

Before I venture to request of Cupid
To trust me with his all-unlocking key,
Would you regard it as a trifling stupid
If I should ask of you a guarantee?

The "furnace heat" to me is most alluring,
But tell me, might the furnace not go out?
And would you swear, with ardor reassuring,
That former tenants have been put to rout?

If all the rooms are swept and freshly garnished,
If ghosts of others have been sent away,
If Love has had the furniture re-varnished,
Why then a thousand kisses will I pay.

So, if you'll swear to me you'll not sublet it,
That every crack is hidden from my glance,
I'll take the heart—I vow you'll not regret it;
I'll sign the lease and pay you in advance.

In reply I can only say:

Inspection of the premises are better
Than any guarantee that I could make;
Further, negotiations through a letter,
Later, a closer espionage might break.

When you have satisfied your Argus vision,
And noted well each airy, roomy closet,
You'll hasten here to share this life elysian,
And gladly make the usual deposit.

One thousand kisses is your price-condition,
If all appointments are as I have stated;
I merely ask the two per cent commission,
And beg to say that nothing's overrated.

"Eddie" Dickson's Political Prowess

I was greatly interested in learning from the columns of the Berkeley Gazette, this week, that "Eddie" Dickson, "who edits the Los Angeles Express and defines its political activity"—this will be rare news to Mr. Earl and Managing Editor Brundage—has arrived in San Francisco and "immediately there is renewed activity in league circles." This ingenuous item of news continues: "Dickson has a wonderful grasp of political affairs and has energy and enthusiasm which surmounts all obstacles. Los Angeles county has over [more than] one-fifth of the Republican electors of the state, and the Express is the great political power down there, so it will be seen that Dickson has some weight in the councils." Hurrah for "Eddie" and the "great political power" of Los Angeles county.

Harold Symmes Loses His Brave Fight

With regret I have to record the death, at Redlands, last week, of Harold S. Symmes, son of Frank J. Symmes of San Francisco, a well-known capitalist of the northern metropolis and a prominent member of the noted Chit Chat Club of that city. Harold was one of Berkeley's brilliant students. Later, he went to the University of Paris, where, for his masterly thesis, he received that rare honor for an American, the degree of doctor of literature. Columbia College sought to enlist him as a member of the faculty, but failing health compelled a declination. Living quietly with his mother and sister at Altadena for a year or more, he wooed the muse and health, simultaneously. But while he was successful with the one, as his graceful verse and brilliant prose contributions to the magazines have testified, he suffered defeat in his other quest, with the sad result noted. My sincerest sympathies to his sorrowing family.

Chief Galloway's Equipment

Congratulations to Chief of Police Alexander Galloway. As I ventured in this column, about five weeks ago, the former railway manager has succeeded in landing the position to which he aspired when he first arrived in Los Angeles. For the new chief has not been a resident here for more than two years, although he has maintained a home in this city since 1902. In much of the time since then he has filled a railway position in San Francisco. That Alexander Galloway will make fully as much of a success as chief of police as did John M. Glass, eight years ago, is predicted by those who know him well. With this reservation, that while Glass in time lost his sense of personal proportion, the incumbent is likely to retain his poise. The new chief has had much experience in the handling of large

numbers of men, which should serve him well at this time. It is true he has had no previous police experience, but that may be acquired. With backbone, honesty, a thorough knowledge of human nature, and a respectable bank account, he starts in well. Let us hope his appointments are such that he is not handicapped in the conduct of the department. There must be no Dixon to hamper him with incompetency and illegal arrests, no matter what political debts the good government leaders have to pay.

Three Good Appointments

William D. Stephens and Maj. Henry T. Lee, as water commissioners, and Gen. G. H. Burton as member of the civil service board, are among the excellent appointments made by Mayor Alexander this week. It appears to be a foregone conclusion that Mr. Stephens will be appointed president of the water board, at a salary of \$3,000 a year, to succeed J. J. Fay, that being the single paid position in that branch of the public service. Major Lee's appointment recalls the fact that, about ten years ago, he was of counsel for the municipality, at a time when the Los Angeles Water Company was a private monopoly, on the eve of the expiration of its contract with the municipality. The major may well be said to have been the father of municipal water ownership. For several years he battled in the city's behalf, and against what was then considered to be a most exacting monopoly, winning the gratitude of the taxpaying community for the able and fearless manner in which he conducted the city side of the litigation. The community is in luck to have him enlisted in its interests in so important a position.

Library Board Gains Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst

Another capital appointment is that of Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, as member of the public library board. Mrs. Tolhurst, thrice president of the Friday Morning Club, is keen of wit, an able debater, a ready and accomplished speaker and with a fine appreciation of literature. That she will bring to the board a well-balanced mind and many sane suggestions that will prove beneficial to the users of the library is certain. Mr. and Mrs. Tolhurst will sail from New York the latter part of March for a tour of Europe in their automobile, planning to be absent from Los Angeles about four months. It would be a brilliant idea if her colleagues on the board were to invite her to represent Los Angeles at the international convention of librarians, to be held at Brussels this summer. Attendance at that gathering, and a study of library methods in general, while abroad, could not fail to be highly profitable and result in collating much valuable information that would be found useful later here at home.

Two of the Country's Richest

With Andrew Carnegie and Mrs. Russell Sage both in Los Angeles, Southern California is entertaining at this time two of the wealthiest Americans in the country. Mrs. Sage, I believe, has not honored us before, but Mr. Carnegie was one of a party to travel this way fifteen or twenty years ago. At that time local conditions were in a turmoil, due to a strike, and the advent of the Pittsburg ironmaster was not noticed in the way he had a right to expect, perhaps. As a result, Mr. Carnegie rather lost interest in Los Angeles, and, although this city, of all others that he has endowed, is in dire need of a public library building, his benefactions have been withheld from us. There is a possibility that Mr. Carnegie may acquire a site for a permanent winter home while here, in the neighborhood of Hollywood.

"Al" Myers and His Litigation

Albert Myers, whose noisy litigation has taken up more or less newspaper space the last two years, is a mining share operator, whose phenomenal good fortune has made him a subject for feature writers ever since the beginning of the Goldfield boom of 1905. Myers, whose heart appears to be much too big for its casket, went into the Nevada gold camps practically penniless. He secured a lease on what was then the Mohawk, since absorbed into the Goldfield Consolidated, and in less than a year he had taken from what was then a prospect, more than half a million dollars. Later, he sold the property to George Wingfield, Senator Nixon and their associates for half a million dollars more, and when he retired and moved to Los Angeles, Myers had nearly two million dollars to his credit. Never a practical miner, "Al" Myers always was considerable of a stock broker. He had a habit, in the days of the mining exchange then located in the H. W. Hellman building, of bidding for a hundred or two hundred thousand shares of a stock at a clip,

raising the price at times several points in a day. Nothing pleased him more than this bit of theatrical performance, and, while other brokers stood in awe of his pyrotechnics, they occasionally plucked him unmercifully, separating him from his money in large handfuls. It is doubtful if Myers at this time can muster a quarter of a million dollars of his fortune of a few years ago. Gossips have it that the Pasadena plaintiff, in her breach of promise suits against the Goldfield speculator, will be fortunate, in case of a verdict in her favor, if she succeeds in collecting the damages assessed.

Pacific Mutual's Fine Showing

With a cash income of more than six million dollars, earned in 1909 by the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, and with assets close to twenty million dollars, President George I. Cochran and his associates have good cause to congratulate themselves upon last year's business showing. Incidentally, Los Angeles being the Pacific Mutual headquarters, this city, through that fact, has obtained a financial advertisement whose material value can hardly be overestimated. I am told the Occidental Life, although not nearly so large, nor yet so powerful as its competitor, also is making remarkable strides, and that it soon will be in its own home, to be located about a block south of its older rival.

South Pasadena's Celebration

South Pasadena is to have an old-fashioned, patriotic Washington's Birthday celebration next Tuesday, that the committee in charge plans to make an annual affair, much as the Tournament of Roses is for Pasadena. The originator of the suggestion is that unique boomer, John D. Reavis, who has latterly become a resident of South Pasadena. The local chamber of commerce liked the notion and is carrying out the details of the proposed celebration with a vim. There will be a parade, through flag-decked streets, with numerous floats in line and exercises on the El Centro school grounds later, with Lee C. Gates, Dr. John Willis Baer and John D. Reavis as the principal speakers. It will be a gala occasion for sedate South Pasadena. I predict that John Reavis will wake up that pretty suburb in a way it has never dreamed of before many months.

Senator Bulla and Central Oil

Former State Senator Robert N. Bulla, who, about ten years ago, was a candidate for the United States senate to succeed Stephen M. White at Washington, is wearing a broad smile these days, due to the good fortune that has come to the Central Oil property. Immediately after the session of the legislature that rejected Dan Burns, defeated Bulla and chose Bard, Bulla became interested in the Central Oil Company, the owner in fee of several hundred acres of presumed oil lands, located in the Whittier hills. The company was a success from the start, although its first financing was not accomplished without a struggle. The capital now is \$1,000,000, and the stock is selling around \$1.60 a share. I believe Senator Bulla is the owner of about a third, with a dividend of one per cent coming in every month, and a brand new thousand barrel gusher being brought in at least every three months.

More Fortunes in Oil

"Tim" Spellacy, former chairman of the Democratic state central committee, who has been a resident of Los Angeles for nearly four years, is the latest individual to make a ten-strike in oil lands. Spellacy for a long time has owned several hundred acres up in the Midway district, for which he paid about \$2.50 an acre. Recent developments in that territory have jumped the Spellacy holdings so that he can sell out at any time in excess of \$1,000 an acre. "Tom" O'Donnell, another Irishman, just a few inches taller than Spellacy, and almost as ardent a follower of the late Thomas Jefferson, is another lucky investor. A few years ago O'Donnell sought to break into the legislature as a member of the California assembly. I am not alone in the belief that he secured more votes than did his opponent. However, when it came to swearing in the new members, he was ignored. Although O'Donnell sought to make a contest, a Republican majority promptly threw his claims out of the state assembly window. Since then O'Donnell has become a lusty Los Angeles boomer whose knowledge of what is in the ground has had a lot to do with the success of the American Petroleum Company which concern is paying one per cent a month on about \$20,000,000 capital. Recently, O'Donnell, E. L. Doheney, Dr. Norman

Bridge and others organized a gigantic oil development corporation with an authorized capital of \$20,000,000. "Tom's" check, I am told, today would be honored in his bank for six figures.

Seventh and Broadway Trade Expansion

When Bullock's big department store was first established at Seventh and Broadway there were many wiseacres who saw all kinds of disaster for the enterprise. But, after three years of steadily-increasing business, the fact that Mr. Bullock has just acquired, on long lease, the adjoining building to the north, now occupied by the California Furniture Company, made necessary by the expansion of trade, tells the whole story of the success attained. It will be nearly a year before the premises can be occupied, as the furniture house will not have its new building across the street finished until its present lease expires, ten months hence.

English as She is Japanese Wrote

Friends of Charles E. Richards, president of the Richards-Neustadt Construction Company, are enjoying the reading of a rare piece of composition written by a Jap, who, after leaving the Richards' employ, desired to be received back into the fold. It is addressed simply "To Mrs." and reads:

Very much obliged for your great favour so long time, I beg your pardon that had been abented from my business since the end of last year; Now then, again, kindly requested to order the jobs as much as before. Yours truly,

CHESTER TAYO.

Whether Chester has been ordered "back on the job as much as before" I cannot say.

Will's Own Saint Day

Will Valentine held an informal reception at the California Club last Monday, February 14, his associates gravely congratulating him, in continuous sequence, on the happy return of his saint day. A valentine poem, which a wag member had slipped into the letter box of the popular club director, read:

My Valentine, you cannot be,
Of that I'm well aware,
But on the club directory,
At least, in you we share;
And O, how joyous and how fine
To know that you're our Valentine.

Hugh Gibson's Promotion

Friends of Hugh S. Gibson will rejoice to learn that he has been promoted from second secretary of the United States embassy in London to the state department in Washington. Young Mr. Gibson is the son of a former cashier of the First National Bank, who, ten years ago, was one of the best-known men, and, perhaps, the most beloved of all in Los Angeles.

Paulhan's Contemplated Long Flight

My London correspondent advises me of a pretty incident that happened to M. Paulhan, the famous French aviator, who recently entertained us with his feats of air flying. Just before he came over here he was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Aero Club of London, and in memory of his wonderful high flight at Sandown Park—not so high as was recorded here, however—he was presented with a gold cigarette case. But the attractive feature of the luncheon was the recital by Captain Claremont, the secretary of the Aero Club, of a quatrain written by a little niece of his, only eight and a half years old, to M. Paulhan after his ascent. The verses ran:

Comme une hirondelle dans les cieux volant,
Nous vous souhaitons un succès épatant.
Que jamais vous n'aurez ni malheur ni accident,
Et que votre fortune devient tout à fait écrasant.

Which, translated, is: "Like a swallow flying in the sky, we wish you tremendous success. May you never have bad luck or accident, and may your fortune be altogether splendid." Both M. and Mme. Paulhan were delighted with the child-poet's effort. In the spring M. Paulhan intends to compete for the London Daily Mail's London-to-Manchester flight for a prize of \$50,000. When asked why he did not attempt it now, he retorted, "I want to have the conditions just right. I want to be sure I can succeed. I am sure at the present of my aeroplane, and I am sure of my engine. Nor have I any fears for myself. But of the English weather I am not sure at all. When there is no wind, there is fog. When there is no fog, there is wind. To attempt it and be obliged to come down is not in my program." With Los Angeles weather all the way, the odds would be about 100 to 1 in favor of Paulhan carrying off the prize. He'll get it, anyway.

SIDELIGHTS ON POLITICS

Scores of petitions in conformance to the new primary law already are out in the interests of at least a hundred candidates of various shades of belief and political alignment. That the number will be increased measurably daily is unquestioned. The new law is forcing all aspirants for office to maintain a separate organization, and as its details are many and intricate, the average candidate is groping for information. That the act will have to be amended in several important particulars before it can be said to be generally acceptable, is apparent. Too much tinkering by the organization Republicans in the last legislature is the trouble.

Van Norden's Magazine, a New York publication devoted to finance and kindred subjects, in a recent issue refers to Henry T. Gage, the new minister to Portugal, as one who has achieved great success in business. Nothing is said of the former governor's profession of the law, in which he has achieved signal success and which Mr. Gage has followed at the California bar for thirty years. Evidently, the Van Norden writer had an idea that, like R. C. Kerens, ambassador to Austria, Governor Gage made his political reputation as a contributor to the campaign chest of his party.

In talking with Good Government League leaders, I have gathered the impression that what was the Lincoln-Roosevelt influence two years ago will, at the August primary, seek to concentrate its strength in electing aspirants for the legislature, in candidates for the state railway board, for the board of equalization, and for the board of supervisors. All of these positions have to do with the granting of privileges to interests. As to the offices which have only patronage to bestow, I believe the L-R's will not attempt to interfere, which, by the way, is sensible politics. For patronage, usually, has killed all reform political movements in the past, consequent upon the opportunity for factional and other strife. As a matter of fact, the regular Republican machine is weak at this time, because there never has been enough pie to satisfy the constantly increasing army that has to be cared for. As the new legislature will redistrict the state, and as half of the new upper house in Sacramento will elect two United States senators, it behooves Mr. Meyer Lissner and his band of patriots to center their gun-fire largely upon the list of aspirants for the state senate and assembly.

I note that Messrs. Lee Gates, Marshall Stimson, A. J. Wallace and Meyer Lissner, local members of the state executive committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, have gone north to attend a conference to be held in San Francisco today, at which the names of a number of possible candidates for governor of the state will be discussed. With a view to learning the sentiments of a portion of the citizens of Los Angeles on the subject, return postal cards were mailed, asking for first, second and third choice. The names presented were C. M. Belshaw, C. F. Curry, William R. Davis, F. J. Heney, Hiram W. Johnson, F. L. Mott, P. A. Stanton, Harris Weinstock and C. M. Wheeler. Alden Anderson's name was omitted from the list, probably due to his belated announcement. It will be noted that the names appear in alphabetical sequence, consequently the fact that Belshaw leads the procession has no significance. I am curious to learn the result of the post-card vote, which was not given out prior to the departure of the delegation.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes. Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings

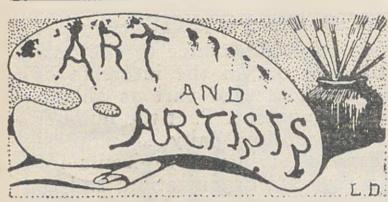
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SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF OILS NOW ON VIEW



DETLEFF SAMMANN—BLANCHARD GALLERY.
GRANVILLE REDMOND—KANST GALLERY.

By Everett C. Maxwell

An exhibition of the late work of Detleff Sammann opened at Blanchard Gallery, Monday, February 14, to continue until Saturday, February 19. Mr. Sammann is by no means a stranger in the art circles of Los Angeles or Pasadena, although he has not been a frequent exhibitor. Three years ago he maintained a studio in Blanchard Hall for several months, while executing important tapestry commissions. For the most part, Mr. Sammann's field of labor has been limited to Pasadena and vicinity, where he has designed and decorated many charming interiors, for, be it said to his credit, that he is not only a landscape artist of ability, but a decorator of rare taste and judgment, enjoying an international reputation. In President Harrison's administration he decorated the green and blue rooms in the White House at Washington.

Three years ago we had an opportunity to judge Mr. Sammann's skill as a painter of pictures, when about twenty of his decorative water colors were shown in Blanchard Gallery. This exhibition won the approval of all who saw it and made for the artist many sincere friends and admirers, who will view the present showing with much interest. For the last two years Mr. Sammann has been traveling abroad, and most of the canvases and sketches now exhibited were painted while there. He lived and kept a studio for decorative design in New York for fifteen years, and was one of the first artists to introduce mural decoration into the United States. Failing health brought him to California twelve years ago, and since that time he has been identified with the development of western art.

Six years ago he decided that there was a higher plane in art achievement than could be attained along decorative lines, and abandoned a remarkably successful business to devote his time to the study of legitimate art. He studied for four years under the great German impressionist painter, Prof. Wilhelm G. Ritter of Dresden, paying much attention to the essentials of drawing and technique. The present exhibition is a testimonial to his success, and proves Mr. Sammann an artist of remarkable versatility, for, besides a group of nine oils, he is showing a well-filled wall of water colors and six fine copies of old masters, made in the Dresden gallery.

In reviewing the group of oils, we observe that Mr. Sammann has fallen a willing victim to the charms of the modern impressionist method of laying on paint. He employs the much-discussed Pointelist style of rendering his subject by applying tiny spots of pure color to the raw canvas. This produces, at proper distance, a strange vibration, attainable by no other method. Perhaps his most interesting canvas is his number nine, which he calls "Oaks." The composition is interesting, and a fine balance is maintained throughout. The color harmony is good, and the values are well felt.

Mr. Sammann sets himself hard tasks to do, as is seen in his canvas entitled "Spring." This is a highly-keyed color scheme, very simple in composition, and with absolutely no opportunity for contrasts. The artist must possess a true knowledge of his art to portray distance and atmosphere unaided by contrasting light and shade. "Toward Evening" is a delightful canvas of rich autumn color, which is made more mellow by the glow of sunset. "Before the Rain" is a trifle cold, but possesses many good passages of paint. "Birch Trees" and "Evening," while very different in subject and composition, are much alike in atmospheric effect. Both possess good distance. "Meadow Flowers" is treated in an unusual way, but is especially happy in the result. The red-roofed buildings in a distant clump of trees form a spot of color which is one of the delightful features of the picture.

"Evening" shows a gloomy row of European oaks in the background, while a field of shocked grain forms a picturesque foreground. This unique sketch was made on the border of Bohemia.

Students and lovers of art have had unusual opportunity afforded them this season to study the works of old masters, both from the originals and from excellent copies of celebrated paintings. One of the most notable exhibitions ever held in the west was the recent old masters' exhibit at Blanchard Gallery. At this time, eighteen original canvases were shown, among which were found good examples of the work of such painters as Rubens, Peter Neder, Tenier, Carlo Doici, Carracci, and Guido Reni. If the attendance was not all that it should have been, considering the rarity of such occasions in Los Angeles, I like to think that it was due to the aftermath of Aviation Week, and not to the lack of appreciation on the part of the public. At this exhibition, three praiseworthy copies of famous paintings were shown in an adjoining room, and by their general excellence and apparent fidelity to the originals, awakened a new interest in this class of work. In the Sammann exhibition we are offered even a better opportunity to study the technique employed by these old masters, in five splendid copies made in the Dresden gallery.

Three portrait heads are shown, one by Van Dyck, one by Rubens of the Flemish school, and the well-known "Portrait of an Old Gentleman" by Rembrandt of the Dutch school. With the exception of Valesquez, the world has never produced any greater portrait painters than these three masters. The canvases, hanging side by side in this exhibition, give one an exceptional chance to form a comparison of their work, and no art student should miss this opportunity. In "Portrait of an Old Bishop," by Rubens, we note the marked contrast of the almost delicate flesh color, when compared to the rich low-keyed "Portrait of an Old Gentleman" by Rembrandt. So lifelike in color is this portrait that we can readily understand, after seeing it, why Guido Reni once accused Rubens of mixing his color with blood. How different, too, is the Rubens brush work from that of Rembrandt! Rubens applied his paint in a crisp, vigorous way, which is almost sketchy, while Rembrandt seems to have dragged his color on with a heavy hand. The modeling of the forehead and around the eyes of the "Old Bishop" is a marvel of skill, but the general feeling of solidity—of bone and muscle beneath the drapery—is not to be compared with that of Rembrandt, who stands unrivaled for anatomical construction.

"Portrait of a Young Gentleman," by Van Dyck, gives one a fair idea of this painter's early work. It is only in the last fifty years that it has been definitely settled that Van Dyck and not Rubens was the author of this canvas. It is a strongly modeled head, and the rich brown, almost approaching burnt sienna, so much used by Van Dyck, is very evident in the hair and shadows of the face and neck. There is a certain lifelike sparkle in the eyes which is the chief charm of the picture.

"Pastoral Scene," by Watteau, is considered to be a true copy of the original, and is one of this favorite French painter's most pleasing canvases. The drawing is far from perfect, but the delicate rendering of the landscape and the general harmony of color are faultless. An excellent example of the early Dutch school of landscape painting is found in "The Watermill," by Hobema (1638-1709). How Hobema would scorn the work of the modern impressionist, but with all his careful rendering of detail and rather tight technique, there is great truth and beauty apparent in all his paintings.

In Gallery C, effectively displayed under artificial lighting, is a large copy of a detail from Makart's celebrated painting called "Summer," which hangs in the Dresden gallery. The portion of this gigantic canvas which Mr. Sammann has chosen for his copy shows several nude figures about a fountain basin. The figures are full of grace and beauty, and the composition is attractive. In addition to these, Mr.

Sammann shows twenty-seven water colors of great beauty, which I will review at length in this department next week.

There are many things to interest the art lover at the Kanst Gallery at this time. Mr. Kanst, with his usual zeal and enthusiasm, is receiving new canvases almost daily, and is planning many interesting features for his Los Angeles and Long Beach galleries. At the Fine Arts Gallery at Hotel Virginia, the daily attendance continues to increase, and the outlook is most encouraging. Several important sales already have been made. Among the new canvases lately received at the Kanst local gallery are seven by Frank J. Girardin, two by William Merritt Post, three by George Riecke, one by Walter Hurston, one by Arthur Parton, and two charming still life studies by Laux. These will be shown in a special exhibition in the near future. Monday, February 21, an exhibition of the late work of Granville Redmond will open at the Kanst Gallery to continue two weeks.

In a letter just received from John W. Gamble, from Paris, that artist is reported to be in the best of health and spirits. Several newspaper clippings and a reproduction of one of Mr. Gamble's California subjects testify to this promising painter's growing popularity abroad. He states that the student quarter is unusually crowded this season, and praises the quality of work seen in the numerous exhibition galleries.

Benjamin C. Brown of Pasadena closes his exhibition at the Kanst Gallery today.

Louis Fleckenstein will continue his popular print exhibition in Gallery A, Blanchard Art Gallery, for one more week.

Warren F. Rollins closed his exhibition of Indian subjects and Arizona landscapes at Blanchard Gallery last week, after a run of only seven days. This was one of the most successful exhibitions of the season, the sales averaging one canvas daily.

Otto Van Rosenberg, who recently returned to his St. Louis studio, writes, inviting local artists to send canvases to the Dietrich Art Gallery in that city for an exhibition of work by western painters, to be held during March. Those interested should communicate with Mr. Von Rosenberg at his studio address, 4018 Morgan street, St. Louis.

Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy attempts to get even with her husband, the lionized illustrator, in an "exposure," which appeared recently in a Sunday newspaper supplement, under the title "Why Artists are Impossible Husbands." Knowing something of the mode of life of this popular artist, it seems a trifle presumptuous on the part of Mrs. Christy to include artists as a class in her tirade. This subject of artists as husbands is much discussed just now, and, no doubt, in Mrs. Christy's case, conditions were not always as they should have been. I understand that the author of the "Uselessness of Art" is about to publish an article entitled "Should Artists Marry?" This undoubtedly will settle the controversy.

Ralph Fullerton Mocine will hold an exhibition of his landscape paintings at the Friday Morning Club next week.

February issue of the Fine Arts Journal of Chicago contains a lengthy article on "Modern Masterpieces," by James Williams Patteson, which is more instructive than entertaining, and an interesting "Glimpse of London," from the artist's viewpoint. Henry Congdon Tilden writes an appreciation of the work of H. Anthony Dyer of Providence, R. I., and "The Art of Alfred East" is contributed by Raymond Wyer.

Through its secretary F. D. Millet, the American Federation of Arts has issued an appeal in regard to the international exposition which will take place in Italy in 1911. This is the most important affair of its kind held in Europe since 1900. It will be divided into two great departments, one devoted exclusively to art, which is to occupy extensive buildings and spacious grounds near the Villa Borghese in

Rome, and the other devoted to manufactures and commerce, which is to be established in Turin. All the great nations, with the exception of the United States, have honored the invitation of the Italian government by making large appropriations and promising adequate representation. Thus far the United States government has taken no action, and the limit of time for securing space has already been extended to February 15, and will not be prolonged further. It is requested that all interested in art secure action by conferring with the representatives and senators from their own states, calling attention to the facts and urging immediate action. Word from Buenos Aires informs of the encouraging progress of the International Fine Arts Exhibition there. Germany asks for special space for German artists, past and present, and the Italian, Spanish, Belgian, Swedish and Chilean governments are interested in making it a success.

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By Blanche Rogers Lott

Friday of last week was a record-breaker in Los Angeles musical history. The Symphony Orchestra played to a sold-out house in the afternoon, and the same auditorium was crowded to its limit for Schumann-Heink's third recital in the evening. The afternoon concert by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, Harley Hamilton, conductor, was the best one ever given by this organization. The overture by Mascagni did not add anything to the remainder of the program, which was plenty long, without it. It seemed rather out of place. The beautiful E flat symphony by Mozart was played with smoothness and exquisite shading, the many melodies reminding one of the composer's own saying, "Melody is the essence of music. I compare a good melodist to a fine racer, and counterpointists to hack post-horses." With the exception of a tendency to hurry the tempo of the first movement among the first violins, this movement and the andante following must have been satisfying to the most critical. Mr. Hamilton rises to splendid heights whenever he directs the Grieg concerto. He conducts with such spirit and abandon, knowledge and control, that the men respond like an organ.

Madame Carreno gave a masterly and gorgeously colored rendition of the solo part. Her playing of this concerto, Friday, must always stand out in one's memory as the work of a great artist at her best. The Symphonic Dances by Grieg, written on Norwegian themes, were most attractive and capitally played. After Grieg had passed his allotted time in Germany, he returned to his own land and made friends with Rikard Nordraak, Grieg wrote: "It was as though scales fell from my eyes; for the first time I learned through him the northern folk songs, and to understand my own nature. We abjured the Gade-Mendelssohn insipid and diluted Skandinavismus, and bound ourselves with enthusiasm to the new path which the northern school is now following." And these six dances paint indelibly most fascinating pictures of Norway. It is certainly to be hoped that they will be repeated next season, and given an early place on the program, thereby preventing the disturbing influence of those vacillating people who decide in the midst of an especially soft and luscious place that they must be going. It is certainly unaccountable that those having to leave before the close of a concert cannot do so between numbers.

One would not have blamed Mme. Schumann-Heink, last Friday evening, at the Temple Auditorium, had she turned her back on the main audience and sung one song directly to the audience of several hundred seated on the stage. These thousands of people were loth to let the great contralto go at the close of another rare program. Exclusive of an occasional strained high note, the madame was in superb form. Mrs. Hoffman, accompanist, did not take into consideration the size and acoustics of the auditorium, and gave the singer inadequate support during most of the songs with piano accompaniment, and in those with the organ the opposite was true. However, most skilful playing was done in the six Brahms' Gipsy songs.

The Coleman chamber concerts begin Thursday evening at the Shakespeare Club House, Pasadena. Miss Alice Coleman will be assisted by the Krauss Quartet, and at this opening concert will play a group of solo numbers, and the Krauss Quartet will play a Beethoven quartet op. 18, No. 16, and portions of a Schubert quartet.

For many years Mr. J. P. Dupuy has worked to improve musical affairs in this city, and he has accomplished not a little. The Orpheus Club, of which he is director, is slowly but

surely becoming an organization of force. But at his song recital, Tuesday evening, Mr. Dupuy found out what all local musicians have discovered, that Los Angeles is at present dead to all local endeavors, with the exception of the Symphony, the Lyric, Ellis and Orpheus Club concerts—these receiving magnificent support. It is a discouraging phase of the musical history of all cities that the personal efforts of a few avail little, but the time will come, as the rapid commercial growth continues, when there will be enough lovers of music to give adequate support to local interests. The evening mentioned, Mr. Dupuy gave the following program:

In Liebeslust (Liszt), Mondnacht (Schumann), Frühlingsnacht (Schumann), La fleur que tu m'avais jetée, "Carmen" (Bizet), Salut! Deume, "Faust" (Gounod); Cleo e mar, "La Gioconda" (Ponchielli); piano, Concert Etude in D flat (Liszt); Eleaore (Coleridge Taylor), Vein o' My Heart (Chas. Wilbey), Telling Her (Paul Bliss), A Dream (Laura Zerbe); Charles Wakefield Cadman arrangements, From the Land of the Sky Blue Water (Omaha Tribe), The White Dawn is Stealing (Iroquois Tribe), Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute (Omaha Flageolet Love Call), The Moon Drops Low (Omaha Tribe).

Of these the French songs, Coleridge Taylor's "Eleanor" and "A Dream" by Laura Zerbe, are deserving of special mention. Mr. Dupuy has a tenor voice of unusual quality, especially excelling in the use of the sotto voce, which, when overused, becomes somewhat monotonous in a recital program. Mr. Dupuy did not essay a grateful task in presenting Charles Wakefield Cadman's Indian songs for a first hearing here. Clever as they are, one must be interested in them to understand or enjoy them at one hearing. These numbers and others on the program were given sincere interpretation. Mr. Will Garroway furnished the accompaniments and one solo number. He has latent ability, which can easily be developed by continuous study and personal effort.

Ralph Ginsburg is a boy of much talent for violin playing. He has worked faithfully under Mr. Krauss' careful direction for several years, and his technique, tone and style of playing are a decided credit to his teacher and the player. His program, Thursday evening, last week, was a showy one, and was performed in a manner beyond what is usual in one of Ralph's age. Just now technique is first and foremost with him, and the more difficult the passages, the better pleased is the player. Light and shade, various qualities of tone, do not attract him yet, and, therefore, to hear him an entire evening borders closely on the tedious. This concert gave people an opportunity of assisting a deserving and highly endowed boy, and does not necessarily mean that he has entered the professional ranks or that he has finished his studies. A systematic study now of sonatas for violin and piano, the masterpieces of classic violin literature, practice in chamber music, playing second violin in a good orchestra, continuing the study of harmony and composition will revolutionize his playing. There is altogether too much of violin playing nowadays and not enough true musicianship among violinists. In Europe, any player who has at his command a few concertos, gives a concert with an orchestra, and becomes known as a violinist. But there is not this danger with Ralph Ginsburg, for his father has shown excellent judgment and Mr. Krauss, with his sane, musical ideas, will plan wisely for the immediate future.

Los Angeles has lost two musicians, pianists, which no city can afford to lose, no matter how musical, or overrun with musicians. Dalhousie Young, who has passed the greater part of a year here, is to return to London next month, where he will play with orchestra in London and in outside musical centers. Several of his own compositions are to be performed next season also. Mr. Young thought for a while he would give up public work, but the call to the activity of a busy London musical season has proved too strong. Georg Kruger has left Los Angeles for larger fields, or, more correctly, more appreciative localities, for offers came to him from San Francisco and Chicago. Both these gentlemen studied with Leschetitzky several years, when that great master was at his best, and that Los Angeles did not choose to take advantage of such artists is a great pity.

Mrs. Bertha Vaughn, soprano, will

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give a concert for the public schools next Thursday afternoon at Simpson Auditorium. The program opens with the following group of songs by the singer: "My Love is an Arbutus" (Irish), "Annie Laurie" (Scotch), "My Little Heart's Sighing" (French), "Cherry Ripe" (English). These will be followed by a lecture-recital by Bruce Gordon Kingsley on "Tannhäuser." Mr. Kingsley and Mrs. Vaughn will illustrate the lecture.

It is stated that the Pittsburgh Orchestra is to be placed on a permanent basis with an annual income of about \$50,000. May 1 the orchestra will pass from control of the Art Society of Pittsburgh to that of a corporation of citizens, who by subscription will provide a permanent fund to insure the desired income, says the Christian Science Monitor. The orchestra now has sixty-eight men, but it will be increased to ninety. Conductor Emil Pauer probably will be asked to retain the leadership.

Mr. Sessions gave an unusually interesting program Wednesday afternoon, the program being: Sonata in E flat, op. 22 (Buck); Chromatic Prelude, op. 8, No. 5 (Fannie Dillon); Etude, for pedals alone (Eug. de Briequeville); Lamentation, op. 45 (Guilmant); Soprano, "With Verdure Clad," from the "Creation" (Haydn); Mrs. Bertha Vaughn; Toccata in E major (Homer N. Bartlett). Nowhere will be found organ recital programs of higher class than Mr. Sessions gives.

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TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES

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By Ruth Burke

One of the most delightful of the week's society affairs was the dinner party given Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood at their home in St. James Park. The table decorations were attractively carried out with pink sweet peas and ferns, the blossoms and greenery being banked the whole length of the board. The table decorations were artistic and unique, carrying out the suggestion of the closing of the duck-shooting season. In the center of the table was a miniature imitation of a grass-bound lake with a hunting lodge, blind and ducks. Guests included Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna F. Chaffee, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Wann, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Radford, Mrs. William Bingham Clarke of Kansas City, Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond, who returned Sunday last from the east, Major de Frees, Mr. George Denis, Maj. John H. Norton, Mrs. Vera S. Beane, Mr. Jack Somers and the Misses Florence and Elizabeth Wood.

Mrs. Philip Forve of 427 Westlake avenue, with her three sons and two daughters, has returned from an extended trip abroad and in the east. Mr. Forve, who accompanied his family to Europe, returned to Los Angeles at the time of their sojourn in the east, but left in January to rejoin his wife and children in Wilkesbarre, Pa., and made the return trip across the continent with them. Accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Forve from the east were Mrs. L. Rieger of Philadelphia, who will be their guest for an indefinite period, and Mrs. J. Maier and Miss Hildreth of this city, who have been visiting there for about six weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Forve and family, who went abroad in June of last year, remained on the continent until the latter part of September and enjoyed an extensive tour of the European countries. After their return to America, Mrs. Forve and her children visited in Pennsylvania, Washington, Atlantic City and other of the principal points of interest, concluding their trip at Wilkesbarre, Pa., the former home of Mrs. Forve.

Among the most delightful of the post-Kirmess affairs will be the entertainment which Mrs. C. W. Rogers of 216 West Adams street will give this evening for the young people who took part in the Indian dance and their chaperones, of which Mrs. Rogers was one. The evening will be informal, and dancing and music will be features, with a supper in conclusion. Besides the young folk who participated in the Indian dance, Mrs. Rogers will have three or four special guests, including Miss Goldie Myers of San Francisco, who is her house guest; Miss Hazel Hotchkiss of Berkeley, who, with her mother, was a guest at the Rogers home last week, and Miss Carlisle of Illinois, who is visiting here during the winter. Miss Hotchkiss is the tennis champion, and Miss Myers is the winner of tennis trophies and is a partner of Miss Hotchkiss in doubles.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stetson of 1240 West Twenty-ninth street have engaged passage on the Mongolia, which sails from San Francisco, March 8, for Honolulu, China and Japan. They plan to be away until midsummer.

Miss Kate Smith of Pasadena, whose engagement to Mr. Anson Lisk was announced recently, was the guest of honor Wednesday at a five hundred party given by Miss Madeline Harris of South Orange Grove avenue. Pasadena, at the Annandale Country Club. Covers were laid for forty guests.

Announcement was made in Washington, D. C., the first of the week, of the betrothal of Miss Edith Sutherland, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Sutherland of Utah, to Mr. A. Robert Elmore, formerly of New York and Washington, but now a resident of this city. The wedding will take place the first week in May and will be celebrated in St. Margaret's church, Washington. The wedding will be one of unusually brilliant appointments, and a distinguished assemblage of statesmen and their families, as well as notables in

the military and diplomatic set, will attend the nuptials. Miss Sutherland, who made her formal debut at Miss Ethel Roosevelt's coming-out party, is an attractive young woman of winning personality. Her betrothed, who recently came to this city to make his home, is popular in the exclusive circles here, wherein his bride will be warmly welcomed.

Mrs. Nicholas E. Rice of Wilshire boulevard was hostess Wednesday at a handsomely appointed bridge luncheon, the affair being the second of a series with which she is entertaining. Mrs. Stephen L. Rice, formerly of Scranton, Pa., sister-in-law of the hostess, was guest of honor. Guests included Mmes. H. M. Sale, Leslie C. Brand, H. K. Williamson, E. F. Bogardus, Elmer E. Cole, R. B. Williamson, N. C. Nason, Ralph Hagan, Harmon D. Ryus, James B. Grady, Charles B. Nichols, George B. Burrall, Leon Shettler, John B. Cornwell, Frank A. Vickery, Richard G. Beebe, Elizabeth Nash, D. Gager Peck, Valentine Peyton and C. F. Perry.

One of the most delightful of the affairs planned for next week will be the dinner party which Mrs. W. S. Hook of Hotel Alexandria will give on the evening of February 22. The affair will be in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holliday, who are to leave in March for the east, whence they sail for a tour of Europe.

Among the Los Angelans who are planning to leave soon for Europe are Mrs. Grace Stoetzer of Hotel Netherlands, who, with her little son, Master Arthur Stoetzer, and her sister, Miss Mabel Newton, will sail May 6 on the new German-Lloyd steamer, the George Washington. Their stay abroad will be indefinite, and they plan to make Paris their headquarters. In the latter city Mrs. Stoetzer and Miss Newton will meet their brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Franz Wilczek, who have been in Europe for the last eighteen months. Mr. Wilczek, who is one of the notable violinists of Europe and America, plans to return to this country soon with his wife and young son.

In honor of Mrs. William McGean of Cleveland, Ohio, who is passing the winter here, Mrs. George I. Cochran of 2249 Harvard boulevard entertained Friday afternoon at bridge. The affair was a prettily appointed one. In the dining room jonquils were attractively arranged, and red carnations and roses were used in the library. Five tables were filled at bridge and one at five hundred.

Mrs. Burt Estes Howard, formerly of this city, is down from Stanford for a short visit with friends. She is a house guest of Mrs. J. S. Slauson of 2345 South Figueroa street, and last week was entertained by Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Cochran at their home on West Second street.

Members of the Emanon Club were entertained Tuesday with a valentine party at the home of Miss Frances Wartelle on Alvarado street. The decorations were suggestive of the occasion. Whist was the afternoon's diversion and following the game a collation was served in the dining room. The color scheme employed in the decorations was entirely of red. Red-shaded lights were used in the illumination, and the table centerpiece was a miniature birch canoe, set on a mirror lake, and filled with red carnations. From the mast of the boat, to each place, red streamer ribbons were extended, and place cards were red and gold hearts. Favors were red baskets, filled with bonbons. Score cards were pretty valentines. About fifteen guests, including club members and a few friends, were present.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Smith of 675 Catalina street announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mabel Smith, to Mr. W. Brown Smith, a young man of this city. The secret of the betrothal and approaching marriage was told to a number of girl friends of the bride-elect who were her guests recently at a prettily appointed luncheon. Miss Smith is well known and popular here with a wide circle of friends. She was a student at the Girls' Collegiate School and later attended a finishing school in Chicago. She is a talented musician and a devotee of outdoor sports. Mr. Smith, her fiance, is from Syracuse, N. Y., coming here recently and assuming a position as an electrical

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engineer with the Los Angeles aqueduct. Following the wedding, which is to take place in April, Mr. and Mrs. Smith will go to Denver, Colo., to make their future home.

Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee entertained with a small luncheon of fourteen covers at her home, 987 Magnolia avenue, Wednesday, in compliment to her sister, Mrs. William Bingham Clarke of Kansas City, who is her house guest for several months. Friday evening, Lieutenant-General and Mrs. Chaffee entertained with an attractively appointed dinner party in honor of Mrs. Clarke, who, following her visit here, will leave for a tour of Europe. Mrs. Chaffee was hostess Thursday at a spring luncheon given in compliment to Miss Macneil and her house guest, Miss Florence Walton of Orange, N. J.

Mrs. Harry Gray of Oak Knoll entertained Wednesday with a luncheon given for Miss Fore of San Francisco and Miss Bonnell of Cleveland. Places were set for Mmes. Robert Flint, Edward H. Groenendyke, Eugene Hewlett, H. M. Robinson, A. A. Robbins, Charles Cranz Perkins, Christian, Roland Brown and Miss Elizabeth Speer.

Among the delightful affairs enjoyed by Pasadena society folk this week was the small tea given by Mrs. A. F. Gartz, at her home in Altadena, in honor of her sisters, Mrs. J. M. Chadborn of London, Mrs. T. H. Lillis of Chicago and Mrs. Russell of Lake Forest. Peach and almond blossoms were used in arranging an effective decoration.

Mrs. S. P. Mulford of 1056 South Hill street was hostess Wednesday at a large tea given for her mother, Mrs. Farrar, and Mrs. C. B. Weatherby. The house decorations, which were unusually attractive, carried the suggestion of spring. Mrs. Mulford's assistants were Mrs. M. E. Griswold and Mrs. E. W. Reynolds, who poured tea; Mrs. Otis Shaw, Mrs. M. M. Owens, Mrs. J. W. Gillette, Mrs. Joseph Storms, Mrs. A. E. Pomeroy, Mrs. W. F. Calender, Mrs. H. W. Brodbeck, Mrs. E. A. Strong and Miss Marie Crow. Miss Rachael Fisher, Miss Ruth Lock and Miss Walker presided at the punch

bowl. Thursday, Mrs. Mulford entertained with a similar affair in honor of the members of the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Methodist church, of which she is president.

Members of the Catalina Yacht Club and friends were entertained last Saturday aboard the “Campanaro” and the “Cricket” by Captain William Banning. About forty or fifty were in the party and the day was passed in cruising around the outer and inner harbors at San Pedro. Later, a spread was served at Wilmington. In the evening “The Cricket” was put into service again, and a party composed of Captain Banning, Messrs. Hancock Banning, Frank Rule, N. W. Bell, Allan Hancock, Elwood Brown and Judge Gibson, made the trip across the channel to Avalon, where they dropped anchor and remained over Sunday.

Mrs. Marion Welsh of 748 Garland avenue entertained at luncheon at her home for Mrs. J. H. Doplins and Mrs. Z. D. Mathuss, who are members of a party which will leave March 8 for a tour of the world. The decorations were in yellow and white jonquils and ferns. A miniature steamer, filled with jonquils and surrounded by ferns, formed the centerpiece, and on either side of the miniature craft a ribbon was held, bearing the names of the guests of honor. Imported suitcases, steamer trunks, hat boxes and handbags of miniature size served as favors. Places were set for Mmes. J. H. Doplins, Z. D. Mathuss, W. E. Hampton, Ellen D. Sibley, S. I. Perry, E. W. Beezon, Charles H. White, Ella Williams, H. C. Rich, S. S. Salisbury, Samuel J. Whitmore, J. M. Schneider, Berdella Murphy, John Heidt of Alameda, Mrs. Caskey of Buffalo, and Miss Anna Doplins.

Mrs. Reuben Shettler of 3100 Wilshire boulevard was the charming hostess Wednesday evening at a dinner given for Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Swift of Chicago, who are visiting here. The place cards were handpainted in violets, and the table was attractively decorated with violets and daffodils. In the living room purple stock was used, and the library was arranged in pink carnations and greenery. Guests,

beside Mr. and Mrs. Swift, included Dr. and Mrs. Henderson Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas E. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Cole and Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Goddard.

Mrs. Walter J. Trask, one of the chaperones of the Kirmess of recent date, was hostess last evening at a dinner dance, given at the Los Angeles Country Club, for the young men and women who participated in the Scotch dance, which was awarded the prize in the voting contest. Besides the young folk, Mrs. Trask's guests included the other chaperones of the dance, their husbands and a few friends.

Another after-Kirmess affair was the box party given at the Mason Monday evening by the young men who took part in the Marsovian dance. Their guests included their young women partners and the chaperones of that dance. The hosts were Messrs. J. C. MacFarland, Guerne Newlin, Walter Van Pelt, Roy Naftizger, Kurt Koebig, Clarence A. Fitzhenry, Alfred Wright, Clyde Wallace, Carleton Bainbridge and W. Norris Bucklin, Jr.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Parks Barton of 1013 Westlake avenue entertained a number of friends at their home with a St. Valentine musical. The affair was given in compliment to Mr. Robert McKein of San Francisco.

Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Kline of 218 South Gates street entertained at their home Monday afternoon and evening in celebration of their golden wedding anniversary. Yellow acacias and juncos were used in an artistic manner in decorating the home, and nearly two hundred and fifty guests attended the affair. Rev. and Mrs. Kline were assisted in receiving by their two daughters, Mrs. Bert Levy and Mrs. Lois Russell, and their grandchildren, Mrs. A. J. Johnson and Miss Gertrude Russell. Rev. and Mrs. Kline, who have six children have lived in Los Angeles for twenty years. Rev. Kline is a retired Methodist minister.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo P. Bergin have returned from their honeymoon trip to Coronado and are occupying their home at 1534 West Tenth street, where, after March 1, they will be at home to their friends. Mrs. Bergin, who, before her marriage, was Miss Gladys Balfour, was, until the death of her mother, an extensive traveler, having journeyed in India, China, Japan and nearly all the European countries. She was born in Paris, and received her early education there. Later, she was graduated from the Convent of the Holy Name at Pomona.

Mrs. William H. Jamison was hostess Thursday at an informal luncheon given at her home on Hoover street, her guests being old-time friends from Grand Rapids, Mich. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mr. Ernest Warde, son of the Shakespearean scholar, Frederick Warde, who is here this week as stage manager for Max Figman in "Mary Jane's Pa," has been the recipient of much social attention, a number of dinner and after-theater parties having been given in his honor. Tuesday, Mr. Warde, was a special guest at a violet luncheon, given by Mrs. Harriet Spencer of West Twenty-third street. The table was artistically arranged in violets and narcissus. Place cards, hand-painted in violets, bore the names of Mr. Warde, Commander and Mrs. Ward Winchell, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Kingsland, Mr. and Mrs. Sidle Lawrence, Mrs. E. C. Geldert, Mrs. Harry Duffil, Mr. Lemuel Parton and Dr. E. P. Wood. Wednesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Duffil of West Twenty-eighth street entertained with an after-theater supper at Levy's for Mr. Warde and Mr. Figman. Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Figman and Mr. Warde were guests of honor at luncheon at the California Club, Mr. and Mrs. Duffil being their host and hostess. Thursday evening, Mrs. Harriet Spencer was the charming hostess at a six o'clock dinner given for Mr. Warde. Carnations were used in the decorations, and places were laid for Mr. Warde, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Starr, Mr. and Mrs. John Summerfield, Dr. L. J. Huff, Miss Miriam Hathaway, Miss Josephine Hathaway, Mrs. E. C. Geldert and Mr. Walter Geldert. After the theater that same evening Commander and Mrs. Ward Winchell of Kenwood avenue gave a supper party at their home in compliment to Mr. Warde,

Mrs. Anson Brooks of Indianapolis is a guest at the home of her parents,

their other guests including Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Kingsland, Mr. and Mrs. Sidle Lawrence, Mrs. Harriet Spencer and Dr. E. P. Wood. Decorations were in geraniums.

Mrs. Donald Keeler of New Hampshire street is entertaining, as a house guest, Mrs. Myrtle Badger Sheridan of St. Joseph, Mo. Mrs. Sheridan will be in Southern California for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pinkham will sail from New York, April 16, on the steamer Barbarossa on a six months' tour around the world. Their itinerary will include the principal countries of Europe, Egypt, Arabia, Ceylon, Malay peninsula, China and Japan.

Mrs. E. M. Wilson and Miss Angel Miles of 1200 West Adams street have taken apartments at Seventh and Coronado streets for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kahn and two children are planning to sail from New York, April 26, for an extended trip abroad.

Mrs. Walter B. Cline, Miss Alice Cline, Miss Constance Cline, Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Graham and Mrs. Emma B. Kaiser will sail from San Francisco, March 8, on the Mongolia, for a three and a half months' trip to Honolulu, Japan, China and the Philippines. Dr. and Mrs. J. C. W. Coxe will sail on the same steamer for a tour of the world.

In compliment to Miss Cora Wilson, whose engagement to Mr. Roy Prewett was announced recently, Mrs. William F. Ball and her daughter, Mrs. Edwin J. Salver, entertained Wednesday at Mrs. Ball's home in Manhattan place with a picture shower. Guests included Mmes. Warren Wilson, T. C. Dorland, R. H. McLane, W. A. McCutcheon, Henry J. Coates, Benjamin F. Kierulff, Cecil Rosenthal, Frank Roe, William Roe; Misses Zara Anderson, Faustine McKinley, Cora Boettcher, Gertrude Roe, Wynette Bailey, Roberta Percival, Eddythe Bailey, Margaret Wood, Eunice Dorland, Katherine Percival, Lois Wilson, Gentry Wickizer, Bessie Trickle, Carrie Prewett, Hortense Barnhart Jones, Mamie Luce, Helen Page, Ethelwyn Reynolds and Marion Reynolds.

Mr. W. O. North, son of Mr. and Mrs. George North of this city, sailed from New York recently for Goebilt, Sarawak, Borneo, where he will take a responsible position with the Malaysian Rubber Company. Mr. North is a former Los Angeles high school student and is a graduate of Stanford University.

Mrs. Harriet Spencer of West Twenty-third street was hostess Monday evening at a box party at the Majestic Theater. Her guests were Mrs. John Summerfield, Mrs. Nelson Kingsland, Mrs. Fred Thompson, Mrs. Ward Winchell and Miss Blanche Remington. This afternoon Mrs. Spencer's daughter, Miss Miriam Spencer, will entertain several of her young friends at a box party at the Majestic Theater, her guests including her sisters, Misses Helen and Bobbie Spencer, Miss Marjorie Ordway and Miss Binkie Robertson. Mrs. Geldert, grandmother of the hostess, will chaperone the young girls.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Woollacott announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Bessie Bernice Woollacott, to Mr. Leslie Verne Brown of this city, the ceremony having been celebrated Monday noon at the home of the bride's parents in Riverside. Only relatives were present. Mr. Woollacott, father of the bride, was formerly of Chicago, and for several years was proprietor of the Hotel Redondo at Redondo Beach. Recently, he moved with his family to Riverside. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will make their home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Harmon David Ryus and her little daughter, Miss Celeste Nellis Ryus, who have been guests for the last few months of Mrs. Ryus' sister, Mrs. Albert Phillips of Seattle, have returned home. Captain and Mrs. Ryus are now settled in their new home at 2715 Wilshire boulevard.

Mrs. Henry T. Lee of 414 West Adams street entertained Tuesday with a small luncheon in compliment to Mrs. John Field of St. Paul who is visiting here.

Mrs. Anson Brooks of Indianapolis is a guest at the home of her parents,

Judge and Mrs. R. F. F. Andros of Hollywood, for the summer months. Judge Andros left a few days ago for a visit of two months in Cuba with his son, Don Luis. On his return, Judge Andros will be accompanied by his son, who will make an extended stay here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. German have returned from an extended trip through Hawaii, and are again residing at their home on Kenwood avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Moore Grigg and members of the faculty of the Cumnock School of Expression entertained last Saturday afternoon with a reception. The decorations were in yellow and white, the school colors, and the hours were from 3 to 5 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shenk, Jr., of West Eleventh street were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Gifford of Oneonta Park.

Mrs. John W. Monahan of 1500 Rollins street, South Pasadena, is entertaining, as house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bryan of Rogers Park, Chicago. Mr. Bryan is a retired capitalist, and with his wife will probably pass the remainder of the season in Southern California.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Isaacs of Toberman street of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Katherine Isaacs, to Mr. Thomas A. Johnson of Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Edward L. Doheny of Chester place will be hostess Wednesday of next week at a luncheon of thirty covers, and, later, will entertain her guests at the matinee performance of "La Gioconda," which will be given at the Mason Opera House by the Lambardi grand opera company.

Col. F. A. Eastman, statistician for the city of Chicago and a former resident of Los Angeles, is enjoying a month's vacation here, having arrived last Friday. Mrs. Eastman and her daughter, Mrs. Barry, have been living all summer at the beach, but they are now back in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Marion Knight have moved to Denver, Colo., where they will make their future home, Mr. Knight having engaged in business there.

Many friends assembled at the Santa Fe station Monday evening to greet Mr. A. G. Bartlett and his daughter, Miss Bessie Bartlett, of Hollywood, upon their return home from an absence of nearly a year in Europe.

Mrs. John W. Mitchell has, as her house guest, Countess Wachtmeister, who has been passing the last two years in Sweden. The countess is to be joined soon by her son, Count Wachtmeister.

Mrs. James H. McBride of Bellfontaine street, Pasadena, was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a small musical, given for about fifty of her friends.

News from Honolulu is of the recent marriage there of Mrs. Grace Bannerman, formerly of this city, to Mr. Stephen Norton Bobo, a prominent business man of Hawaii. Mrs. Bannerman has been visiting her sister in Honolulu for several months, and the wedding culminates a courtship of three months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. W. Myers of Magnolia avenue were host and hostess Monday evening at a theater party at the Mason Opera House, and after the performance their guests were entertained at supper at Hotel Alexandria. The party included Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crampton Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. George Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kurtz and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Noyes.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Flora Getchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Getchell of West Twenty-third street, to Mr. John S. Jones, a young business man of this city.

Mrs. J. F. Humburg and two children of San Francisco are registered at Del Monte. Mr. Humburg motored down Saturday, a week ago, in his Chalmers-Detroit, accompanied by Mr. Otto Hillefeld. They passed much of their time on the new scenic boulevard and other beautiful drives that have recently been completed.

Dr. L. L. Denny, Broadway Central Building, Office hours, 11 to 3. F3435.

The Big

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Society Night

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Fiesta Park

Pico and Grand Avenue

Opens Saturday, 19,
Closes 26th

See Giant Redwood Forest
See 200 Licensed Cars

GENERAL ADMISSION

50 Cents

THURSDAY NIGHT

(Society Night) \$1

Summer Trip to Europe

Mrs. Mary E. Fischer will take a small, select party to Europe for three months, leaving New York about July 1.

Itinerary includes England, Paris, Munich, Passion Play at Oberammergau, Switzerland and Italy. Refer to Cashier of Security Savings Bank for financial responsibility. For particulars address Mrs. Fischer at

112 North Benton Way,
Phone 52951
Los Angeles.
Art Studies Will Be Made a Specialty.



"Mary Jane's Pa," with Max Figman in the title role, is the capital attraction which the Majestic offers this week. It is a curious mixture of comedy and pathos, with the sympathies of the audience enlisted in favor of the irresponsible, family-deserting Hiram Perkins, printer and country editor, who, returning after an absence of eleven years, finds his five-year-old Lucille, grown into a pretty maiden of sixteen, with the same longings to escape into the big world her father had, and Mary Jane, the baby, a loving, fanciful girl of twelve, both of whom their mother has carefully reared. The latter, Portia Perkins, most intelligently played by Helen Lackaye, of comely face and figure, instead of lamenting the loss of a husband, met the demand on her womanhood, traded their home for a country weekly "up state," and has made a success of the Clarion and won the respect of the community in the decade or so that she has passed as a widow. Hiram, the irresponsible, drops in one evening, after Mary Jane has gone to bed and Lucille is at choir meeting, hungry and penniless. His wife is irritated by his manner, but feeds him. When he starts to go, she relents, offers him a place as cook, which, to her surprise, he accepts. Then begins her troubles. The village talks about her man servant, who quotes poetry, is familiar with the classics and is evidently above his position. Portia ignores this gossip, but the two girls suffer. Meanwhile, Hiram's latent sense of responsibility is aroused. He secretly finishes a brilliant story, which is accepted, pays the mortgage on the press, saves the Clarion from losing its campaign against Joel Skinner, the rich but reprehensible candidate for the legislature, and eventually wins back his wife by his evidences of moral regeneration. There are sidelights in the way of village characters, the best drawn of which is the driver of the depot bus, who acts as reporter for the Clarion. Dorothy Phillips is the pretty, self-willed Lucille, and Gretchen Hartman the lovable little Mary Jane Perkins. Other feminine characters are well outlined and adequately presented. The male support also is satisfactory, the company, as a whole, doing excellent work. Of course, Max Figman is the star attraction, and in succeeding in deflecting the affection of the audience, that should be bestowed on the capable, sensible wife, to his own irrational self, he accomplishes what Joe Jefferson succeeded in doing years before with the fun-loving, drink-loving Rip. Max Figman has an easy stage presence and a winning smile, but for so well-read a character as Hiram to mispronounce aspirant is a trifle jarring. It is suggested to Mr. Figman that he consult his Webster.

S. T. C.

"The Boys and Betty" at the Mason

Of course, Marie Cahill is the whole show in "The Boys and Betty," which is being played at the Mason Opera House this week. It is a good musical comedy—numerous song hits, cleverly turned lines—but it needs Marie Cahill to invest it with the true spirit. She could draw a smile to the face of the Sphinx with her queer little sing-song voice, her lack of beauty, and her powers as a comedienne. Her appearance on the stage is a signal for a running fire of laughs—and she is on the stage the greater portion of the time. She has a quaint way of taking the audience into her confidence, as if she were whispering a little joke into each individual ear—and the result is unalloyed approval. It is a treat to hear her sing "That's the Doctor, Bill," "Whoop, La, La," and the "Arab Love Song." And her interpolated specialties with Wallace McCutcheon in "When You've Got Your Eye on Someone" bring down the house. There are no voices of especial merit in the entire company, yet the production is a good one. Wallace McCutcheon sings acceptably, and he and James Carson as "Rudolph Gruber" run off with the masculine honors. The "Nanon Duval" of Ann Mooney is good to look upon, but she has little of the fire and spirit of a

dancer in the Folies-Bergères, her affected mannerisms robbing her performance of grace. That famous, long-skirted chorus which always adorns the Marie Cahill productions is really a joke. At least, the bald-headed row seems to find infinitely more enjoyment in the sight of silken ankles twinkling from a froth of filmy lingerie than in the revealing tights of other productions. The costuming is lavish, and the scenery is excellent—although a trifle shopworn.

"Cameo Kirby" at the Burbank

With "Cameo Kirby," this week's attraction at the Burbank, a new policy is begun, and with a higher standard in plays and the offering of something new to the insatiable theater-goer, a new era is opened for that popular playhouse. A slight raise in the theater's prices seems also to have met with the approval of the patrons, with whom the advance augurs a betterment in the class of plays to be presented. The company's personnel is recognized to be one of more than usual uniform strength. While not unknown to Los Angeles audiences, the story of "Cameo Kirby" may be briefly recounted: Eugene Kirby, known as "Cameo," through his predilection for such gems, is the hero. Of good family, he becomes a Mississippi river gambler, and on one of his trips takes a hand with a plantation owner named Randall and a low-class gambler known as Colonel Moreau. To prevent the latter from fleecing Randall, Cameo Kirby wins the Randall plantation, with the intention of returning it the next morning to the unfortunate victim, but, before he can do so Randall commits suicide. Colonel Moreau's version of the affair, given to Randall's son and daughter, practically depicts Cameo as Randall's murderer. The play opens with Moreau a visitor at the Randall house. Upon his arrival he is seen only by young Tom Randall and a friend of the family. He accepts a private summons to meet Kirby in a duel, and as the two men have met before there are to be no seconds. Colonel Moreau falls in the affray, and Tom Randall, who follows him to the meeting place, takes from the body of Moreau the revolver he had lent him. This act makes Kirby appear to have foully dealt with the colonel. While Young Randall pursues a false scent in his efforts to trace Kirby, the latter takes refuge by chance in the home of the Randalls, and there he meets and falls in love with Adele Randall, Tom's sister. This feeling is reciprocated, and, not knowing Cameo Kirby's identity, yet aware of the incidents of the duel, she seeks to save him and introduces him as Colonel Moreau to others of the family. The third act is strong and intense, and the fourth act is a happy denouement, with the promise of Cameo Kirby's complete reformation. In character leads, Byron Beasley is at his best, and his interpretation of Cameo Kirby is a forceful and original one, played with an ease of manner which serves to hide his own personality and make of the errant southerner a likeable character. John Burton, as Larkin Bunce, Cameo's sporting partner, is happily cast. Frances Nordstrom's Adele Randall is not convincing. Temperamentally, she is unfitted to portray this delicate young girl. David Landau is notably successful in the part of Tom Randall, and little Ollie Walters, in the child role, is natural and at the same time unusually intelligent. It is a well-balanced, well-staged production in the main.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Eight geisha girls in sparkling kimono and fascinating smiles are the headliners at the Orpheum this week, and appease that never-ending demand for something novel. They sing in a plaintive, coquettish manner and dance several "expurgated" native dances that bear more than a faint resemblance to some that have adorned the Midway at Venice. There are no "Madame Butterflies" among them, but there is one chubby little girl with an expansive smile that threatens to develop into a grin which might prove dangerous to the heart of any susceptible young foreigner as she peers over her fan. The "Doherty Sisters" depend for success on the efforts of the sister who possesses a generous share of avariciousness. Their humor is far from subtle or refined, but by force of magnetic personality and by appeal to the

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

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Lessee and Manager.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES

Lambardi Grand Opera Company

147 People, 60 Chorus, 50 Orchestra

REPERTOIRE:

Monday.....LA GIOCONDA

Tuesday.....IL TROVATORE

Wednesday.....LA GIOCONDA

Thursday.....LUCIA

Friday.....MADAM BUTTERFLY

Saturday.....CAVALLERIA RUS

TICANA and PAGLIACCI

ALL-STAR CAST. Prices 50c to \$2. Seats now on sale. Mail orders filled in order of receipt.

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All Next Week. Bargain Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

Rose in Melville Sis Hopkins

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Orpheum Theater--VAUDEVILLEMatinee Every Day,
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WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY MATINEE, FEBRUARY 21

Eight Geisha Girls,

Wilmos Westony,
Hungarian Piano Phenomenon

From Nagasaki

Claud & Fanny Usher,

Burleske Circus,

Cook & Stevens,
"Fagan's Decision"

Jean Clermont's

"No Check-ee, No Wash-ee"

Brown, Harris & Brown,
"Just to laugh—that's all"Mme. Panita,
Flute VirtuosoDoherty Sisters,
Those Ginger Girls

Orpheum Motion Pictures

Every Night, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Every Afternoon, 10c, 25c, 50c.

WEEK OF GRAND OPERA AT MASON BY THE LAMBARDI COMPANY

Giovanni Nadal
Dolores Frau

Ester Adaberto

Marina Calvi
Fulgenzio GuerrieriAlessandro Scalabrin
Angelo Antola

Monday evening the Lambardi Grand Opera Company will begin an engagement of one week at the Mason Opera House, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Impresario Mario Lambardi has passed the summer in Europe, securing artists of high reputation. Madame Ester Adaberto, prima donna dramatic soprano, direct from the Metropolitan Grand Opera House, New York, will be the especial star this season. Adaberto is a great favorite in this city, where she won much success several seasons ago at the Auditorium. She will appear here in "Il Trovatore" and "Faust." From the San Carlo Theater, Naples, comes Madame Elvira Bosetti, dramatic soprano, whose strong voice will be heard in "Gioconda." Marina Calvi, lyric soprano, is an artist from the Imperial Theater, St. Petersburg, where she was considered a favorite of the Czar. She will appear here in "Madam Butterfly." Madame Zavaski, coloratura soprano, the youngest star of the Lambardi company, will appear in "Lucia." Dolores Frau is one of the few real contraltos on the grand opera stage. Madame Frau is said to portray and interpret the role of "Azucena" in "Il Trovatore" more artistically than any artist of today. Another favorite opera in which she has won fame is "Gioconda." She will appear in both these operas.

Perhaps next in interest to Madame Adaberto is Attilio Maurini, lyric tenor. He is a product of southern Italy, and has a strong, clear voice which takes both high and low notes with ease. He will appear in "Gioconda" and "Faust." Alessandro Scalabrini, dramatic tenor, was with the Lambardi company last season, and is well known to the majority of western opera goers. Giovanni Nadal, lyric tenor, is a new artist who will appear in "Madam Butterfly." Angelo Antola is also well known here, as he is playing his third season with

CASTS OF OPERAS FOR WEEK

Monday Evening, Feb. 21 and Wednesday Matinee, Feb. 23.

"GIOCONDA"

Cast

Gioconda (a ballad singer)....Mme. Elvira Bosetti
Laura (wife of Alvise)....Mme. Dolores Frau
La Cieca (her blind mother)....Adalgisa Bugamelli
Barnaba (a spy of the Inquisition)....Sr. Giuseppe Maggi
Alvise Badorero (one of the heads of the State Inquisition)....Vincenzo Viola
Zuane (a boatman)....Sr. P. Elena Iseppo (a public letter writer)....Sr. A. Neri
Enzo (a Genoese noble)....Sr. Attilio Maurini
Monks, Senators, Sailors, Ladies and Gentlemen, Maskers.

Tuesday Evening, Feb. 22.

"IL TROVATORE"

Cast

The Count Di Luna.....G. Maggi
Ferrando (in his service)....A. Mori
The Duchess Leonora....Mme. Elvira Bosetti
Irene (in her service)....A. Giani
Azucena (GYPSY)....Dolores Frau
Manrico (the troubadour, her reputed son)....Alessandro Scalabrini
Ruy (in his service)....A. Neri

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 23

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR"

Cast

Henry Ashton of Lammermoor....Sr. P. Bugamelli
Lucy, Henry's sister....Mme. Cecilia Tamanti Zavaski
Edgar of Ravenswood....Sr. Giovanni Nadal
Norman (follower of Henry)....Sr. P. Elena Raymond (chaplain of Lord Ashton)....Sr. C. Mori
Alice (attendant on Lucy)....Sra. A. Giana
Lord Arthur Bucklaw....Sr. A. Neri
Followers of Henry, Inhabitants of Lammermoor, Etc.

this company. It is predicted that Giuseppe Maggi, dramatic baritone, will be one of the great successes of the coming engagement. He is from Covent Garden, London, where the critics praised him both for his voice and his acting. Three bassos complete

Thursday Evening, Feb. 24, and Saturday Matinee, Feb. 26.

"MADAM BUTTERFLY"

Cast

Madam Butterfly (Cho-Cho-San)....Mme. Marina Calvi
Suzuki (Cho-Cho-San's servant)....Sr. A. Bugamelli
B. F. Pinkerton (Lieutenant in U. S. Navy)....Sr. Giovanni Nadal
Kate Pinkerton....Sr. A. Giana Sharpless (United States consul at Nagasaki)....Sr. Angelo Antola
Goro (a marriage broker)....Sr. P. Bugamelli
Prince Yamadoro....Sr. P. Bugamelli
The Bouze (Cho-Cho-San's uncle)....Sr. A. Viola Yakuside....Sr. P. Bugamelli
the Imperial Commissioner....Sr. C. Mori
The Cousin....Sr. Artimo

Friday Evening, Feb. 25

"FAUST"

Cast

Marguerite....Mme. Ester Adaberto
Siebel....Marina Calvi
Martha....Adalgisa Giana
Faust....Attilio Maurini
Mefistofele....Antonio Sabellico
Wagner....Pompeo Elena
Valentine....Giuseppe Maggi
Nedda....Angelo Antola

Saturday Evening, Feb. 26

"CAVALIERIA RUSTICANA"

Cast

Santuzzo....Elvira Bosetti
Turiddu....Giovanni Nadal
Alfio....P. Bugamelli
Lola....A. Giana
Mamma Lucia....Bugamelli

"I PAGLIACCI"

Cast

Nedda....Marina Calvi
Tonio....Angelo Antola
Camillo....Alessandro Scalabrini
Arlechino....A. Giana
Silvio....A. Bugamelli

of fifty instruments is under the leadership of Cavalier Fulgenzio Guerrieri, who is assisted by Edoardo Lebegott.

Will Wyatt is handling the excitable singers who grace the Lambardi company with an ease that is wonderful—until one overhears a conversation. But after the eavesdropper absorbs the pidgin English which Mr. Wyatt insists on perpetrating in the belief that the Italians understand it, he no longer wonders that the songsters retire in awe-struck defeat. How would it feel to be an opera star and to be greeted with "Good morning. We catchee fine house-ee. Whole lot people buy heap ticket."

The Lottery

When the present is the past,
Which of all my joys shall last?
Life has so many hours
And so much happiness
That could I choose, I would not lose
The greater nor the less.

But memory will sift,
Select, reject, retain:
Will send a priceless gift,
Let worthless things remain.

The words I fain would hear,
The face I crave to see
Will disappear, but some old fear
Stand out indelibly.

I yet may lose that day
When Life was at its best,
This will decay and fade away
And vanish with the rest.

While some dull, commonplace
Of tedious hours and slow,
With dreary face and plodding pace
Through all the years will go.

Ah! if I could but hoard
Hid treasure in my heart,
I could afford—these joys restored—
With other things to part.

But all is left to chance,
To keep or cast aside,
A look, a glance, a circumstance,
Some trifle, shall decide.

When the present is the past,
Which of all my joys will last?
—GERTRUDE E. DARLOW.

ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



Ida Frances Anderson's "In Love's Garden and Other Verses" presents an interesting problem. After two careful readings of her volume, one to absorb the spirit of her verse, the other to analyze it, the reviewer must confess that it cannot be classed as poetry. Miss Anderson's conceptions are truly poetic, but, instead of impressing the reader with their beauty, she oppresses him with the crudity of her mechanics. Poetry does not necessarily mean jingling lines that rhyme. It may, and frequently does, exist in prose. It exists in Walt Whitman's verses because of their primitive appeal—the note of intense masculinity and rugged elementalism. But Miss Anderson's verse—which seems to have followed in the Whitman line—does not possess the master's spontaneity nor his freedom of thought and expression. The poetry which is best qualified to be called poetry is that which makes the reader pause and say wistfully to himself, "I have thought these things in a moment of pain or happiness. This writer has listened at the door of my heart and expressed in words my innermost thoughts." One of the first requisites of poetry is beauty of form—or else an ugliness so commanding that it sweeps the reader off his feet. Miss Anderson's verse meets neither of these requirements. It reminds one of a jewel whose sparkle is dimmed because it lies in a tarnished casket. ("In Love's Garden and Other Verses." By Ida Frances Anderson. Arroyo Guild Press.)

"California Birthday Book"

George Wharton James is well qualified to make selections from the writings of California's gifted sons and daughters—and the list is long—celebrating the peculiar charms and beauties of the "Golden State." A true lover of nature and a diligent student of the literature of this land of romance, his "California Birthday Book" is unique, entertaining and informative. It is a miniature history of and commentary on the entire southwest coast region from Siskiyou to Cape San Lucas, embracing the yielding, more varied and engaging attractions of Alta California and hints of that "land great in its past and lean in its present," as Baja California surely is. Her scenic wonders, her rare climatic conditions, the calmer inspirations of natural objects in her flowers and plant life; men and women, cities, events—every possible phase of her life, animate as well as inanimate—the records pay homage to the sublime and dignify the trivial in tuneful tripping measures and in vigorous prose. While there is no criticism of the inclusiveness of the selections, a desire arises to add a few more contributions from pens that have, and are, drawing daily inspiration from the glorious California sunshine. The thumbnail sketches at the close, which give glimpses of a few of the choice spirits that have understood the voices in the winds, and trees, and rocks, and gladsome air hereabouts, and have tried to interpret them to the world, is a happy addition in many respects. The volume is a dainty, and withal, useful and acceptable birthday offering, thoroughly Californian in its atmosphere and make-up. ("The California Birthday Book." Edited and arranged by George Wharton James. And done into a book "at the Arroyo Guild Press, Los Angeles, Calif., in the year of Our Salvation, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nine.")

"The Seventh Noon"

There lies a problem in "The Seventh Noon," the latest novel of Frederick Orin Bartlett, which the most thoughtful would have difficulty in solving. How would the average man pass the last seven days of his life, if he were possessed of health and youth, yet knew that he must die at the seventh noon. That is the problem which faces Peter Donaldson when he deliberately takes a dose of a mysterious poison that is warranted to kill him in seven days. Peter starts in to have a good time with his two thousand or so dollars—not a gay time, but a revel in

good pictures, good clothes, fine linen and delicious things to eat. But he arrests his Lucullan career to assist a damsel in distress, falls in love with her, gets into any number of adventures—and then, finds out that the poison was harmless enough. It is a typical "popular novel" plot, but beneath its lightness is a note of seriousness that makes a second reading of the book worth while. Peter is a trifle too good to be true, but he has a strong appeal to the reader, and the sayings which the author permits him are of more than superficial worth. It is a "rattling" good story for the popular novel fiend, and contains good material for the serious-minded as well. ("The Seventh Noon." By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Small, Maynard & Co.)

"Kingdom of Slender Swords"

Laid in a background of cherry blossoms and wistaria, quaint old ruins and queer customs, fascinating with its glimpses of the lotus land of Japan, interesting because of its almost fairy-like environment is "The Kingdom of Slender Swords," a new novel from the pen of Hallie Erminie Rives. From the reader's point of view the plot has no great interest, because it lacks novelty. Its situations have occurred numberless other times in popular novels. It is the story of a young American girl, who finds that her path of destiny lies through the blossoming byways of Japan. Her adventures are melodramatic and at times unreal. The love scenes are typically feminine and incline the critical reader to mirth. When the heroine—a splendid and attractive girl, who reaches twenty-three without ever having been kissed—is the recipient of her lover's caress, the world becomes a dense blackness, shot with fire and full of pealing bells, and the beating of her heart was a great wave of sound that throbbed like the iron-shod fury of the seas." And, again: "In the dense, salty obscurity, she turned her head sharply to feel again his lips on hers, her own moulding to his kiss. She drooped, swaying, stunned, breathless." What a feast for the romantic school girl, and how those pages will be thumbed! All the book lacks is an illustration of one of these incidents. The chief value of the story lies in its atmosphere. It has the sure touch of the writer who knows and loves her scenes, and is gifted with the power of vividly portraying them. ("The Kingdom of Slender Swords." By Hallie Erminie Rives. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Fashions for the spring and early summer season are featured in the *De-lineator* for March. In addition to the departments pertaining to styles in gowns, hats and other articles of dress attire, the magazine contains several readable articles on other topics, including "Our Fight For Equal Play," by Grace C. Strachan; "The Church and the Social Unrest," by William H. Allen; "The American Husband," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow; "What a Woman's College Means to a Girl," by Madeline Z. Doty, B.L., LL.B.; "A New Way to Save Men," by Charles Dillon. A number of entertaining fiction stories are included in the issue and various departments are filled with interesting data.

Out West for January is the aviation number, and the magazine's special feature is a story of the recent meet held here in Los Angeles. Charlton Lawrence Edholm, the editor, who has succeeded Charles F. Lummis in control of the magazine, has illustrated his account of the great aerial contests with reproductions of many excellent photographic views taken from the field. Thomas R. Coles contributes a sketch, "The Wright Boys as a Schoolmate Knew Them." R. C. Pitzer's serial is continued in this issue, and among the short story contributions are "The Negative Salesman," by Elwood S. Brown and "A Merry-Go-Round in the Wild and Woolly," by Maurice Anderson. Mr. Lummis continues his "Lion's Den" contributions.

Notes From Bookland

In illustration of a belief she has that the kindergarten is quite as productive of mirth as it is of other things, Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, in her new Harper book, "The Biography of a Boy," relates what happened to Binks when at the kindergarten he was set to making lemon-colored, glazed-paper chains. Binks objected to forging them,

CEREBRATIONS OF BYRON KENT

AS REPORTED BY LUKE NORTH

"I am about to issue my fourteenth encyclical on the subject of expurgated literature and draped statuary," said Byron Kent, "and I would value highly any criticisms you may have to offer on my modest and perhaps crude essay—ahem." Byron always talks that way when searching for an audience. I had a mental picture of his next sentence—sure enough. "Your rare taste in all literary matters," he began. "Cut that, at once," I said, "and let's have the essay." Somewhat chastened, he began:

"While it cannot be denied that France has a long and glorious literary history, and that such writers as Lamartine, Hugo, Balzac, and of the contemporaries such as Pierre Loti and Anatole France—I am citing but one here and there as types—whose work is of universal interest and value, destined to be read, studied and admired by all nations at all times, so long as literature remains a classic art."

"Can you imagine a time when it will not be a classic art?" I interrupted.

"O, if the imagination is in good working order," he replied, indulgently. And then more thoughtfully: "Consider what the printing press has done in its first five hundred years—and also what it hasn't done. It has not produced a greater than Homer, than Virgil, than Sophocles, than Plato. Its proudest product has not eclipsed the Upanishads or the Vedas. Inestimably has it broadened and popularized literature, but it has not raised its ancient standard. Early in its history it gave us Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and, later, other masters. It has multiplied the number of masters, but it has not raised its ancient standard of mastership. By the printing press, of course, I mean the entire movement of popular education which it made possible.

"Do you catch the drift of this, now? There is a finality to literary perfection, and it was attained perhaps two thousand years before Homer. The trend now is toward the multiplicity of literary masters, and if the printing press continues its rate of progress, civilized humanity may reach a state of popular literary adeptship, wherein every person will be a consummate literary artist. It is entirely thinkable. Literature, as a specialized art, will have disappeared by that time, and human communication may be direct—mind to mind, heart to heart—without the intervention of symbols. The trend is that way—you can see it. Words are but symbols—the strongest, boldest and tersest of them. If anthropology proves anything, it is the infiniteness of progression. If five hundred years isn't enough, take a thousand, or more."

"Thank you. You are too generous," I said. "But we are a long way from expurgated literature and draped statuary."

"As I was saying—without any at-

expressed aversion to them when finished, and then suddenly recoiled upon himself, producing them at a truly prolific rate. The teacher hoped that his industry had not been accompanied with smearing of paste upon his person.

"No, there isn't too much paste on 'em," he assured her, affably; "there isn't none at all. I made 'em without."

"Listen, children, while clever little Martin tells us how he made the ends of his strips hold together without using paste," cried Mrs. Trayner, trustfully.

"I spit on 'em," said Binks, briefly."

William Dean Howells remarks, in his final chapter in "Seven English Cities," his latest book of travel, that if one has moved in good English society one has no need ever to ask how a word is pronounced—"one pronounces it as one has always heard it pronounced." The sense of this, says Mr. Howells, gives the American a sort of despair, as of one who perceives that he never will be able to speak English. "The American has, for example, always said 'financier,' with the accent on the last syllable; and if he has consulted his Webster, he has found that there was no choice for him. Then, when he hears it pronounced at Oxford by the head of a college with the accent on the second syllable and learns, on asking, that it is never otherwise accented in England, his head

tempts or desire to belittle French achievement in the field of literature. I want to suggest this: That perhaps much of French literature is provincial and therefore not true literature. Why? Because it cannot be translated without serious expurgation. It is therefore, in its nature, purely local, lacking the true touch of universality, which is the measure of permanent literature. If you will permit me humbly to echo the astounding, but perhaps entirely truthful remark of that good and illustrious writer, William Marion Reedy, when he spoke, saying, 'I am no prude—if I am permitted to echo that sentiment, and to remind you that I have, on numerous and sundry occasions, lost not the opportunity scornfully to rebuke our censors and expurgators for their provincialism and their hypocrisy in mutilating many of the best French translations we are permitted to read in this country, may I not then be forgiven for offering this most literary unorthodox suggestion?'

"Possibly—I'll think it over," I said.

"The nude is not impure, in art or in letters, but the sensual and lascivious, of which there is much, very much, in French literature—and some in George Moore's books—seems to me entirely gratuitous—a negligible quantity—in literature, per se. In life itself there is enough and to spare of the baser coin, of the negligible—of that which keeps our eyes peering into the mud. The test of true literature, I venture, will be its inspiring character—and, chiefly, its time-defying and its geographical-boundary-and-language-obliterating universality. Expurgation (wise or unwise) is a mark of limitation. In the future, much of the work of Zola and Pierre Loti, for instance, will be placed on the back shelf, along with 'Psychopathia-Sexualis' and other medical books."

"Personally, I read for pleasure, and never to improve my mind. But the pleasurable vibrations are the keener ones, not the duller. I can prowl around the tenderloin and get my impression of its tarnished brass and tinsel at first hand, if I am in that sort of mood. When I turn to books, I want something different—something to sharpen my wits on, something to awaken those cords in my nature that contact with the daily grind in the dull world does not arouse."

"I am not afraid of the young. To hide any phase of life from them is futile and dangerous. Better let them view all of life in the wholesome atmosphere of the evening lamp and the library table; but, on the other hand, to spread before them a feast of sensuality, just sheer sensuality, as many French writers do, is equally criminal."

"Have you any particular books in mind?" I inquired.

"I certainly have," he said, "but as I am not their press agent, I shall refrain from naming them."

whirls a little, and he has a sick moment in which he thinks he had better let the verb 'to be' govern the accusative as the English do and be done with it, or else telegraph for his passage home at once. Or stop!" Mr. Howells interrupts himself. "He must not 'telegraph,' he must 'wire.'"

Mrs. Elizabeth Dejeans Budgett, who to the readers of "The Winning Chance," is known as Elizabeth Dejeans, is now living at Riverside, where her husband, Dr. Budgett, is in practice. "The Winning Chance" has proved popular on both coasts, but her new book, on which Mrs. Budgett is now at work, will have California for a background. Mrs. Budgett has an easy style, and as she has been a great traveler, an inevitable broadness of view is reflected in her writings. She has crossed the Atlantic eighteen times and lived with her father, who was an army man, nine years in Japan before her marriage to Dr. Budgett.

BOOKPLATES
Designed by
RALPH FULLERTON MOCNEY
519 BROADWAY CENTRAL BLD
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At the Local Theaters

(Continued from Page 12)

gallery, the act is carried off with applause. Just why Harry Brown should deem it necessary to have the assistance of Viola Harris and Buddie Taylor Brown is a debatable question. Brown is a comedian—the sort who gets a laugh by the grotesque wink of his eye or the twist of his mouth. What would be silly burlesque in another person becomes humor when offered by him. Last of the newcomers is Jean Clermont's Burleske Cirkus, which boasts a small pony, no larger than a big dog, and a number of trick canines, who do the usual dog stunts. Holdovers are the wonderful Arturo Bernardi, Una Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. Voelker and the Willy Pantzer Company.

Offerings Next Week

That old-time favorite, "Sis Hopkins," which seems to grow in popularity with age, will be seen at the Majestic Theater for the week beginning Sunday night, February 20, with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees and a special Washington's Birthday matinee Tuesday. Of course, Rose Melville, the originator of the part, is playing the title role. Mr. J. R. Stirling, Miss Melville's manager, has put out an entirely new production, and the play has been amplified and improved. The costuming is all new and many specialties will be introduced.

"Cameo Kirby" has proved one of the greatest successes ever offered at the Burbank Theater, and, as a consequence, Manager Morosco has decided to extend for another week the time allotted the piece.

For the second and farewell week of the play a special holiday matinee will be given Tuesday, Washington's Birthday, in addition to the usual matinees Sunday and Saturday. No changes will be made in the cast. The play has won the praise of every newspaper critic in the city. Their verdict has been enthusiastically endorsed by the public, which has packed the Burbank at every performance. Beginning Sunday matinee, February 27, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" will be the bill. This David Belasco comedy will be given under the joint direction of David Hartford, Frederick Belasco, and J. B. Vaughn of the David Belasco forces in New York City. Forty extra players will be employed for the big singing and dancing numbers.

George Broadhurst's famous play of love and American politics, "The Man of the Hour," will enter upon the fourth week of its successful run at the popular Main street playhouse Monday night, with a special matinee Tuesday, Washington's Birthday. Every performance has shown an increasing interest on the part of the local theater-going public, and there is every indication that the fourth week will even break the attendance record set by the past three weeks. Under the personal direction of Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. Stone and his associates are now busily engaged rehearsing "The Easterer," which will be the second play to be offered during the present season of Broadhurst successes.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is the patriotic American wartime comic opera that will serve Ferris Hartman and his company of singers and dancers the week of Washington's Birthday. It will open with the usual matinee Sunday, and a special matinee will be given February 22. Ferris Hartman will be seen in the role of Jonathan Phoenix, a part which will supply him with funmaking opportunities and also afford him a medium for clever dramatic work. Walter De Leon will have a chance for good character acting in the role of Uncle Tom, while the part of Robert Pemberton, a southern boy, will be in the hands of Myrtle Dingwall. Joseph Fogarty will be seen as General Allen, and George Poultney will have the part of Col. John Graham. Winsome Little "Muggins" Davies will play Cordeia Allen, and the roles of Constance and Kate Pemberton will be played by Josie Hart and Anna Little. Following "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" the Hartman company will be seen in a revival of "The Amerer."

Al Levy has scored a success with his Cafe chantants, and announces that they will become a permanent feature.

A complete change of program will be offered for the coming week, with solos by the two sopranos, Edith Helena and Elsa Ward, and by Carl Bravo, the tenor. Senor Galgano, the harpist, and Dare & Wolford also will offer new features. Mr. Levy is making a special feature of the afternoon teas, a la carte, for women, during which the full program is given. After dinner, at 8:30, the second entertainment goes on, and after the theater, at 10:30, the third one is rendered. The orchestra also is heard at the dinner hour, making four programs every day.

Unique and artistic is the act of Vilmos Westony, the great Hungarian pianist, who will headline the new Orpheum bill, beginning with Monday matinee, February 21. Westony is a man of wide experience and knowledge, and has the sense to appreciate that vaudeville audiences are of many tastes, and to adapt his performance to this fact. Claude and Fanny Usher are too well known to need introduction, and so is "Spareribs," their nondescript dog. They are presenting their slang classic, "Fagan's Decision," the story of a reformed pugilist and a little waif. Another surprise is the announcement of the return of Madame Panita, the flute virtuoso, for a single week. Mme. Panita, on her recent visit, charmed everyone by her power over her difficult instrument. Cook & Stevens come with a hilarious skit called "No Check-ee, No Wash-ee," which is the story of the humorous adventures of a "cullud gemman" and a Chinese laundryman. The eight dainty Geishas, Clermont's Burleske Circus, Brown, Harris & Brown, and the Doherty Sisters, with new motion pictures, complete the bill.

Asides

Owing to a peremptory summons from New York, where "The Spendthrift" opens February 28, Thais Magrane was compelled to leave Los Angeles Tuesday morning. Monday night, after the performance, the Belasco company gathered on the stage, and while the orchestra played "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," Lewis Stone presented Miss Magrane with a loving cup from the members of the company. Los Angeles never has had a leading woman so heartily liked and universally respected by her fellow thespians, and the sincere good wishes of her colleagues and an admiring public go with her to the Great White Way.

Owing to the fact that Howard Scott is seriously ill, threatened with acute pneumonia, Charles Giblyn is essaying the role of Charles Wainwright in "The Man of the Hour" with a great deal of success. Eileen Errol has succeeded Thais Magrane in the leading character, and Beth Taylor is playing the ingenue role. Little Miss Taylor is surprising even her most fervent admirers by her excellent work in her first serious part.

It is said that Managers Morosco and Belasco have added another house to their chain of theaters—making seven stock houses under their control. "Ollie" is wearing the smile that won't come off this week. The raise in prices at the Burbank has been accepted without a complaint, and "Cameo Kirby" is making a notable hit.

Amelia Gardner, who has an especially reserved corner in the hearts of Los Angelans, is playing in New York with Charlotte Walker in "Just a Wife."

At the Hotel Resorts

Tennis at Coronado was the drawing card to many well-known Los Angelans, and among the local folk who registered at Hotel del Coronado the week ending February 12 were Mr. A. L. Havens, Mrs. M. E. Clerc, Mrs. Weeber, Mrs. F. L. Moores, Mr. L. R. Garrett, Mr. George S. Batte, Mrs. Alice Eaterman, Mr. A. L. Dolfinger, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Gorman, Mr. Harold A. Braly, Mr. Thomas C. Bundy, Mr. A. V. Duncan, Mr. Ward Dawson, Mr. W. Mace, Mr. A. H. McFarland, Mr. Don McFarland, Mrs. B. O. Bruce, Mr. C. C. Allen, Mr. Gale Seamon, Mr. Nat B. Browne, Mr. D. H. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Francisco and Miss O'Brien.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Smith and their two charming daughters, Misses Myrtle and Adeline Smith, of Minneapolis, arrived last week at Del Monte. Mr. Smith, who is president of the Smith

Belasco Theater

FOURTH GREAT WEEK OF THIS BIG SUCCESS COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 21, 1910. SPECIAL MATINEE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

L E W I S S. S T O N E

BELASCO-BLACKWOOD CO., Proprs. and Mgrs. Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Every Night at 8:15. And the Belasco Theater Company will present for a fourth triumphant week George Broadhurst's greatest play.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

If you haven't seen this great production of the most successful American play ever written you've missed the year's biggest bargain in theater. Seats for this fourth crowded week are now on sale at the regular Belasco prices.

NEXT ATTRACTION--N. C. Goodwin's notable success, "THE EASTERNER."

Grand Opera House

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, FEBRUARY 20, 1910.

Special Matinee Tuesday, Washington's Birthday. FERRIS HARTMAN and his big singing and dancing company will offer Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards' big patriotic American war-time comic opera hit, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Seats now on sale at the popular Hartman scale of prices. Next Week---Frank Daniels' famous laughing success, "The Amerer." Seats go on sale for "The Amerer" Monday morning.

Matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Every Night in the Week at 8:15.

Special Matinee Tuesday, Washington's Birthday.

Lumber Company of Minneapolis, is here with the intention of extending his interests in this state. Mr. Smith shipped his Stevens and Thomas Flyer cars direct to Del Monte from the east, and his two daughters, being experts at the wheel, have already explored many of the beautiful new drives which have been added to the seventeen-mile drive, and are daily visitors at the new Pebble Beach Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hecker, accompanied by Mr. John S. Baker of Tacoma, are at Del Monte for a lengthy visit. They are enthusiastic golfers, and are planning interesting matches with Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr., who is one of the daily visitors on the beautiful Del Monte links.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Wilcox and their young son, T. B. Wilcox, Jr., of Portland, Ore., are at Del Monte for their usual visit. Mr. Wilcox has been passing a part of each season at Del Monte for several years and finds it an ideal spot at this time of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Beaver and their daughter, Miss Marian Beaver, were week-end guests at Hotel Del Monte, having come down from San Francisco for the short sojourn. Mr. Beaver is an enthusiastic golfer, and passes much of his time on the links.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Ward and their two daughters of Syracuse, N. Y., visited Del Monte last week. They were accompanied by Mr. H. D. Helmer, also of Syracuse.

Mr. Henry Stephens, Mrs. G. D. Stewart and Miss Campbell of Detroit, Mich., motored down in their Peerless from Oakland for a stay at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Power and their two daughters of New York were among the recent arrivals at Del Monte.

Passing of Mrs. Orison C. Whitney

In the death of Mrs. Orison C. Whitney, the latter part of last week, the Friday Morning Club lost one of its charter members and the community a kindly woman, filled with gentle optimism, whose sunny disposition and happy faculty of seeing the humorous side of even the most trying situation, attracted to her the warm admiration of even the most casual acquaintance. Although she had reached the age of three score and ten, one was never conscious of her years when in her presence. Wherever she went she was greeted by the name of "Our Sunshine." To all those living in her vicinity will her death be most keenly felt. Had illness or sorrow entered into their home, there would Mrs. Whitney be found, with a comforting message and a token of her thought for those in distress. She was unfailing in her care and devotion to those in trouble. Last Monday the depleted home on Coronado street was filled to overflowing by those who went to pay a last loving tribute to their friend, not only by their presence, but with their many beautiful floral offerings. The reading of the impressive Episcopal service by Dr. Cornell, and the beautiful singing of the Euterpean Quartet carried a message of comfort to all.

Mrs. Whitney leaves a sorrowing husband and daughter, Mrs. Frank J. Hart. As Mr. Whitney and Mr. Hart were the founders of the Southern California Music Company, the numerous associates in the business were particularly endeared to her. To them, "her boys," was left the sad office of carrying their beloved friend to her last resting place at Hollywood.

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NO WASTE CIRCULATION

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE AT LOS ANGELES, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.
To Whom it May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed by this office its School Indemnity Land Selection, No. 8011, Serial No. 07588, applying to select as indemnity the following described tracts of land, to-wit: S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, and N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, and N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 19, Tp. 1 S., R. 17 W., S. B. Meridian.

A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.

During the five weeks' period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.

Dated, Los Angeles, California, January 5, 1910.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT,
Register.

O. R. W. ROBINSON,
Receiver.

Date of first publication, January 22, 1910.

Licensed Auto Show a Great Spectacle
Everything is in readiness for the Licensed Auto Show at Fiesta Park, which will be thrown open to the public this evening. Manager Conwell and a corps of assistants have decorated the park with palms and redwood, hundreds of green bay trees and ornamental palms, and scenes of Southern California's mountains and valleys. The posts which hold the canvases have been treated with redwood bark, and have been formed into a representation of the Mariposa giants. The two hundred latest motor car models on view in this 80,000 feet of floor space, will have an advantageous setting. An immense orchestra has been engaged for the show, and every afternoon and evening there will be music. The doors of Fiesta Park will be closed Sunday, but reopen Monday morning at 11 o'clock, and will continue open the remainder of the week. The show closes Saturday night, February 26, making seven days and nights when the cars will be on exhibition. Almost every motor model known to the trade this year, and certainly every model manufactured by licensed dealers, will be on display. There will be ample time to study the cars at leisure. There will also be plenty of room. A revelation is in store for every person who visits this wonderful spectacle.



Central Oil and Associated have been the star performers among the best-known of the oil shares in the local market this week. In the cheaper issues, California Midway has more than held its own, having gained nearly seven points since the last report. Associated has skyrocketed from 46½ to 53 during the week, and back again to its original starting point. Wednesday, the stock was selling around 48. Southern Pacific control of the company has been officially announced, although gossip in regard to the company's dividend disbursement future is not nearly so pronounced as it was a few weeks ago. While it is still insisted that surplus earnings will be distributed at an early day, the feeling now is general that at the coming annual meeting, to be held February 28, the dividend expected will not be paid, although it may be announced at that time.

In the same connection it is pretty well understood that the reported intention of listing the stock on the big exchange in New York is misleading. It had been insisted that an application for this purpose was pending. Investigation seems to prove that no tangible effort in this direction has been prosecuted. Emphatic declaration has been made that this will be done, but there is no doubt that the information so cleverly spread abroad was circulated for bull market purposes.

As announced last week, Central continues on the upgrade, with the stock selling around 150, as against 140 having been predicted for it during the present movement. In spite of the company's excellent annual financial showing, the shares probably will ease off and later will go considerably higher. Stewart and Doheny issues remain somewhat soft.

Bonds are firmer, and the entire industrial list remains weak.

In the national banks, there probably will be little doing, from now until after the first Monday in March, at which time the tax gatherer is due to make his annual investigation of the real worth of this class of securities.

Money rules firm, with no immediate prospect for a change in rates.

Banks and Banking

According to the statement of Canadian banks, the latter part of December, there has been an important reduction in the balances and loans carried in the New York and London banks. Until December, these items had been largely accumulating. Although the balances at call in New York and London were reduced about \$8,000,000, this sum was not transferred to Canada, as is shown by an increase of \$5,000,000 in current loans elsewhere than in Canada—part of it being in mercantile discounts outside of the dominion, and part time loans on bonds and stocks in New York. As the deposits outside of Canada increased \$3,250,000 in December, there was a reduction in the net investment abroad. The movement of this fund depends largely on events in the dominion. In December the bank note circulation decreased about \$5,000,000, and there was a decrease of more than \$8,000,000 from \$89,633,549, the high point in circulation reached October 31. It is reasonable to expect that the Canadian banks will have retired the extra currency, about \$18,000,000, called into existence last fall to move the crops.

Preparations and plans are being made for the entertainment of the bankers who will attend the American Bankers' Association sessions in Los Angeles, October 3 to 7. At a recent meeting chairmen of the entertainment committee were appointed by the executive committee of Los Angeles bankers, of which W. H. Holliday is chairman. These several chairmen will choose their associates and work on the outlining of a program will be begun in earnest. Those selected are Stoddard Jess, reception and ball; J. A. Graves, dinner; J. F. Sartori, finance and theaters; J. E. Fishburn, hotel; Willis H. Booth, excursions; M. P.

Snyder, clubs and invitations; W. W. Woods, publicity, and Joseph D. Radford, bureau of information.

James K. Wilson, president of the San Francisco National Bank has been in Los Angeles this week to arrange for the housing of the members of an association of past executive committeemen of the National Bankers' Association, who will attend the annual convention to be held here this fall. He also arranged for a banquet for the prominent banking men who compose the organization. Mr. Wilson, who was accompanied by his wife, took quarters at Hotel Alexandria during his stay in this city.

Los Angeles bank circles Tuesday were elated over another record-breaking day in the bank clearings. Totals for that day were \$3,497,776, an increase of \$131,222, as compared with the clearings for February 2, 1910, which, until Tuesday, were the highest in the history of Los Angeles. The total of this big day of finance exceeded by \$1,318,616 that of the corresponding date of last year, and is a gain of \$2,058,499, as compared with the corresponding date of 1908.

California banks recorded a big gain in clearings last week over the corresponding week of last year. The total clearings of eight of the nine clearing house cities of the state were \$64,321,134. This was a gain of 34 per cent. The San Francisco banks gained 34.4 per cent in the seven days, but, notwithstanding the fact, the Los Angeles' clearings totaled more than one-third of that of the northern city, Los Angeles' gain was 27.7 per cent.

Stricter scrutiny of applications for permission to establish new national banks is tending to check the wholesale formation of institutions throughout the country, notes the Chicago Post. Last month twenty-eight associations were authorized to begin business, the same number as in January, 1909, which was the minimum for the first month of any years since the introduction of the present banking act.

Announcement is made that plans are nearing completion for the establishment of a bank in Tropico. Messrs. Dan Campbell, John Logan and Richardson will be in control. Temporary quarters will be occupied by the institution pending the erection of a bank building.

Statement of deposits by the San Diego clearing house at the close of business January 31 makes a goodly showing in gains for the year. The total deposits of the eight banks were \$9,573,000, as compared with \$7,248,000 in 1909, an increase of \$2,325,000.

Work is to be started soon on the new Federal Bank building, to be erected at Avenue 22 and Downey avenue. The structure will cost \$15,000 and will be faced with cream-colored pressed brick.

With the razing of the building at the northwest corner of Sixth and Spring streets, which will be begun March 1, work will be started on the eleven-story structure which the Los Angeles Trust & Savings Co. will erect on that site.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Foreign buying of American bonds is reported to be assuming encouraging proportions. The demand has come from London, Paris, Berlin and Amsterdam. Besides this inquiry, there have been large sales of small lots to European investors of the smaller centers, notes the New York Post. These transactions have been largely negotiated through Wall street houses having branches or agents throughout Europe. While formerly such business was confined to the very important houses, it is now done also by firms of the second grade, who have pushed their business energetically, using American methods of selling to advantage, in England especially. Some houses whose local sales of bonds have fallen off seriously of late have come out handsomely on their foreign business. Nearly all the outgoing steamers last week carried large consignments of bonds and stock to European buyers.

Five million dollars' worth of California irrigation bonds have been disposed of in England to investors there. The bonds in question are of the Natomia Consolidated Company of Sacramento, and with the sale the work on

the great reclamation project undertaken by this company will be begun at once. The company a year ago obtained options on 50,000 acres of overflow land at the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers, immediately north of Sacramento. Other options have been secured since, and, ultimately, it is proposed to bring into the scheme about 200,000 acres of land, which the sale of bonds will aid in reclaiming.

New securities of large amount are about to be issued in Europe. Here, for example, is a list enumerated by the Paris correspondent of the London Economist: The Bulgarian loan of \$100,000,000 is lost to the Paris market through difficulties in obtaining authorization from the French government, as no special guaranty was proposed, but the same objection has not been raised at Vienna, where the loan will be placed. A Servian loan of \$150,000,000 has been voted by the skupchina, secured on customs duties and state monopolies, so far as they are not already conceded. It will be raised partly in Paris and partly in Berlin. The Spanish government is reported to be about to raise an internal loan of 100,000,000 pesetas for public works. The Hungarian government will probably come on the Paris market to borrow \$500,000,000. The banque de Paris and Societe Generale have advanced, jointly with two American banks, a sum of a million sterling for Brazilian railways, to be included in a coming loan. The Paris Credit Foncier is said to be about to make an increase in its capital. The French Indo-China Bank is reported to be about to raise its share capital from \$30,000,000 to \$48,000,000. Negotiations are progressing with the government of Morocco to lend \$80,000,000 to reimburse debts to French and foreign creditors, France undertaking not to claim the capital of \$70,000,000 due to her for the expenses of the war if the interest on the debt is paid. The Paris Credit Mobilier is at this moment placing among its clients 30,000 5 per cent mortgage bonds of the Victoria-Minas Railway, guaranteed by the Brazilian government. The Banque Privee is offering 25,000 5 per cent mortgage bonds of a New Orleans electric light and railway company. The Italian government is stated to be treating with the Banca d'Italia and the Banca Commerciale for an advance of 500,000,000 lire at 3 per cent, to reduce its floating debt, and for railways and works of defense. The Roumanian government is also said to be likely to come on the market shortly for a loan of 125,000,000 francs for public works.

Berlin financial experts, estimating from the stamp-tax returns of 1909, report that the aggregate amount of listed and unlisted stocks and bonds floated in Germany last year reached, in English values, £243,312,000, as compared with £201,228,000 in 1908. These figures include £53,333,000 Imperial and home state loans for 1909, against £53,966,000 in 1908.

Fifteen storm drain bonds of the issue of 1907 were ordered purchased this week by the Los Angeles city council from the Harris Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago. Ten of the bonds in question fall due June, 1915, and five in June, 1916. The city will expend \$14,847.19 in the purchase of the bonds and will save further payment of interest.

Members of the Holtville city council have passed an ordinance relative to the issuance and sale of bonds in the sum of \$37,000 for the acquisition and construction of a municipal water works. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. Certified check must be for \$500.

Electors of the Long Beach high school district will hold an election March 5 to vote bonds in the sum of \$240,000 for a school house and site. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum.

Electors of the McCabe school district, El Centro, will hold an election March 7 to vote bonds in the sum of \$4,000 for the erection of a school building. Bonds will bear interest at 6 per cent.

Long Beach's council is considering the calling of a bond election to provide funds of \$75,000 for pier improvements.

March 5 is the date set for the Red-

lands high school district election, when bonds in the sum of \$85,000 will be voted for the erection of a school house. Interest on the bonds will be 5 per cent.

Electors of El Centro will hold an election February 21 to vote bonds of \$5,000 for the purpose of boring, drilling and completing an artesian well or wells for providing water for the city.

Electors of the Los Nietos school district will hold an election March 19 to vote bonds of \$20,000 for a school house. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum.

Members of the Santa Barbara board of supervisors will sell 100 bonds of \$1,000 each February 23. The bonds are for the permanent road division of Goleta.

El Centro citizens, by an unanimous vote, endorsed the proposed issue of bonds in the sum of \$69,000 for the acquiring of a municipal water system.

Watts is considering another bond election for the near future, when funds of \$30,000 will be voted for a school house and grounds.

Redlands citizens will hold an election March 5 to vote bonds in the sum of \$85,000 for the erection of a polytechnic high school.

Riverside's city hall bonds, in the sum of \$115,000, have been sold to the J. H. Adams Co. at a premium of \$1,666.50.

New York Banks Increase Their Surplus

Latest statistics available show that the New York associated banks had increased their surplus at the close of business last Saturday in excess of legal requirements \$5,623,125. The averages showed a decrease in this item of \$5,542,300. According to the statement of averages, the loans contracted \$9,321,000 from Thursday night of last week up to Wednesday night. The actual statement showed a contraction of \$21,684,000 in loans for the week. The averages also showed a cash loss of \$5,626,800, of which \$4,728,900 was in specie and \$1,897,000 was in legal. The actual statement showed a loss of \$260,700 in specie and a gain of \$240,000 in legal, making the cash position about as it was a week ago. The average statement, however, showed a gain of \$16,303,900 in deposits and the actual Saturday night showed a gain of \$22,516,200 in deposits. The statement of averages for the week (five days) shows that the banks hold \$24,173,050 more than the requirements of the 25 per cent reserve rule. This is a decrease of \$2,549,825 in the proportionate cash reserve as compared with last week. The surplus in excess of legal requirements was \$24,599,125.

Economic Outlook as Seen in France

Commenting on conditions pervading the economic world, a leader in the *Economiste Francais*, Paris, is in optimistic strain. A better outlook is noted notwithstanding the fact that the New York stock market appears to be in difficulties. The editorial continues: "It does not seem that those troubles ought to worry anybody but the speculators. Even in the United States, serious business affairs have visibly improved, and the situation as a whole is reassuring. Americans have the habit of going at too fast a pace; they have probably pushed up too far or too early certain stocks; trouble results, but trouble which is limited and seemingly temporary. Even in the matter of the nervousness over the struggle of the executive power against the trusts, President Taft is conducting the matter with more moderation than his predecessor. The country is financially on firmer ground today, and, whether or not further wide fluctuations are to be anticipated, nothing like industrial debacle is to be feared. The crisis of 1907, while doubtless leaving the financial organism a little delicate and susceptible, seems in actual fact to have been surmounted."

Cotton Industry Gets Good Backing

London and San Francisco financiers have joined in promoting the cotton industry in the Imperial valley, and banks of the two cities have advanced \$500,000 to finance the planting and cultivation of this year's crop in that vicinity. It is believed the cotton area will approximate 50,000 acres. About \$100,000 is to be expended in the establishment of gins, a compressor,